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SENATOR HALE, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

HON. JOHN P. HALE, a Senator from the State of New Hampshire, is one of the most prominent politicians and debaters in the present Congress of the United States; but the frigid etiquette of the "Upper House" has not succeeded (as the accompanying portrait shows) in banishing a genial expression of humor from his open countenance.

The Hales were among those men of iron will and stern determination who aided in founding the colonies of New England. Samuel Hale (grandfather of the subject of this sketch) was a lawyer of marked ability, whose son John also followed the legal profession, and for years stood at the head of the bar at which he practiced. He married a Miss O'Brien, daughter of Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, who commanded the Americans at what has been called the "Lexington of the Seas."

When the news of the struggle with the mother country reached Machias, in Maine (then a province of Massachusetts), on the 9th of May, 1775, an armed British schooner, the *Margaretta*, was lying in port, with two sloops under her convoy, loading with lumber in behalf of the King's government. An attempt was made to capture the officers of the *Margaretta* while they were at church, but they escaped on board, weighed anchor, and dropped down the river. On the 11th a party of thirty-five volunteers was hastily collected, and, taking one of the lumber sloops, they made sail. The *Margaretta*, on observing their approach, weighed and crowded sail, to avoid a conflict; but the sloop proved to be a better sailer. As she approached, the schooner opened a fire with four light guns and fourteen swivels, to which the sloop replied with musketry, and soon the Americans boarded and captured the *Margaretta*. The loss of life in this affair was not very large, though twenty men on both sides are said to have been killed and wounded. It was the first blow struck on the water in the Revolutionary struggle, and it was characterized by a long chase, a bloody struggle, and a triumph.

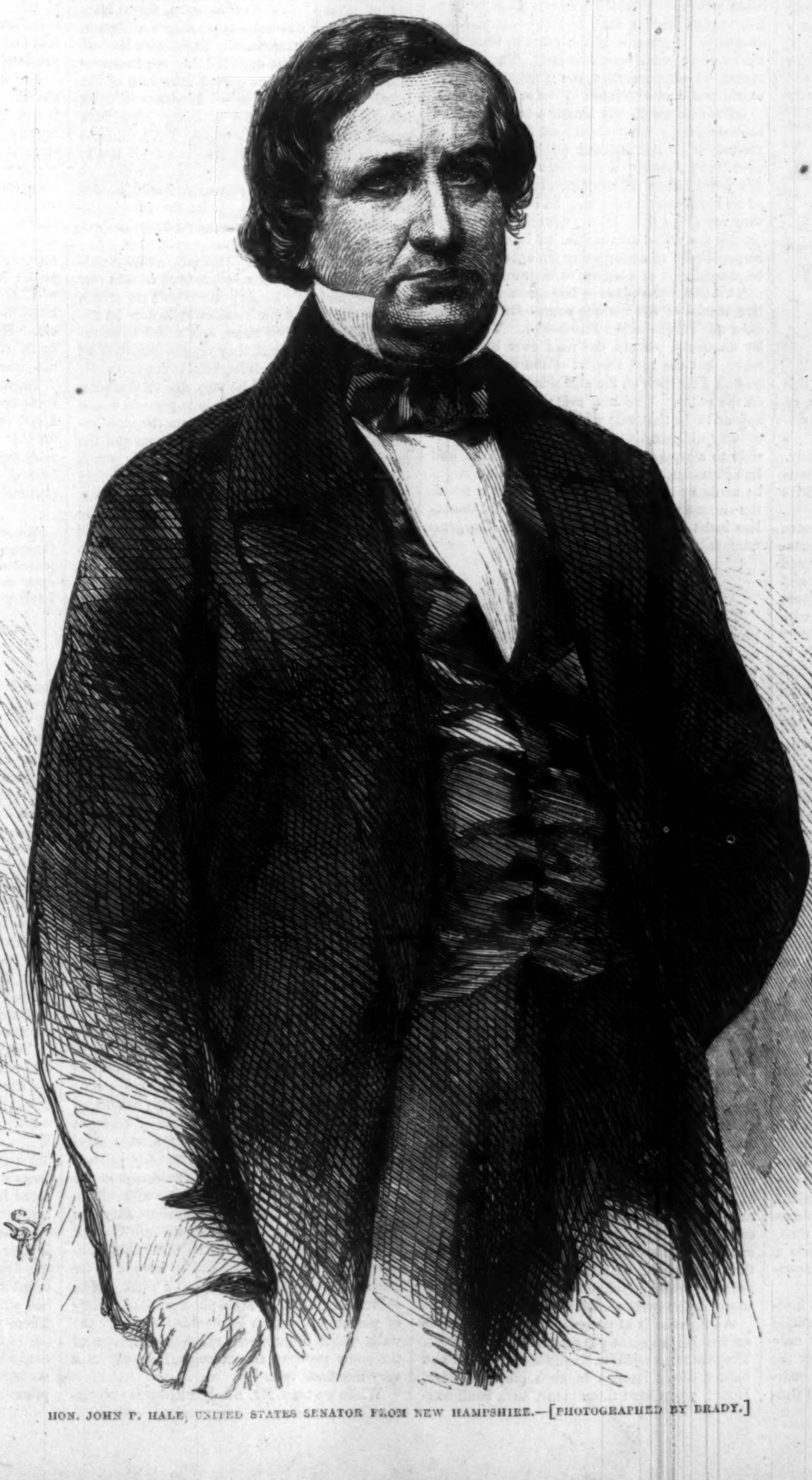
There was originally no commander in the sloop, but, previously to engaging the *Margaretta*, Jeremiah O'Brien was selected for that station. Transferring the armament to a sloop, he engaged separately, and captured two English cruisers sent out from Halifax expressly to take him, and carried their crews as prisoners to Watertown, where the provincial Legislature of Massachusetts was then assembled. His gallantry was so generally admired, that he was appointed a captain in the marine of the colony, and afterward distinguished himself as a continental officer. Two of his brothers, uncles of Mrs. John P. Hale, senior, were also noted for their nautical bravery.

John P. Hale, junior (the subject of this sketch), was born at Rochester, in the county of Stafford, New Hampshire, on the 31st of March, 1806, and there enjoyed such early educational advantages as the village school afforded. As he grew up, he was sent to the celebrated Phillips Academy at Exeter, where he was fitted for college under the preceptorship of Dr. Benjamin Abbott, who presided over that institution from 1788 to 1838, and counted among his pupils such men as Daniel Webster, Lewis Cass, Bushrod Washington, and Edward Everett.

Mr. Hale entered Bowdoin College in September, 1823, and graduated at that institution in 1827, with distinction as a scholar, and a high collegiate reputation as an original thinker, a logical reasoner, a ready debater, and a rare humorist. Among his contemporaries while in college, were Frank Pierce, Hawthorne, Longfellow, S. S. Prentiss, and the Rev. Professor Stowe.

After having graduated, Mr. Hale determined to follow the profession in which his father and his grandfather had distinguished themselves, and commenced in his native town the study of a science which has justly been styled the "perfection of reason." In the summer of 1828 he went to Dover (where he now resides), and entered the office of D. M. Christie, Esq., where he finished his studies, and was admitted to the bar in 1830. He looked at the law in a *practical* light, and when he commenced practice he rather chose to take a just, common-sense view of the cases intrusted to his care, than to hunt up musty authorities from which to eliminate subtle arguments. His winning manners, assiduous attention to business intrusted to his charge, and energetic pleadings, soon gained him a large practice, and afforded him frequent opportunities for the exhibition of his professional qualifications. So numerous were his clients that in 1834 he found himself obliged to take a partner, in order to carry on his business.

In 1832, Mr. Hale was elected to the Legislature of New Hampshire from Dover, and became prominently identified with the Democratic party. Yet the idea of blindly following the edicts of party leaders, or of submitting to party discipline, was never congenial to his feelings, neither would he permit himself to be diverted from the high path of duty which he had marked out.



HON. JOHN P. HALE, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

General Jackson, in 1834, appointed Mr. Hale United States Attorney for the district of New Hampshire, a position well calculated to task his intellect and his legal attainments, but he discharged its onerous and exacting duties with marked ability and success. He was reappointed by President Van Buren, and was removed from office by President Tyler.

In March, 1843, Mr. Hale was nominated and elected to the United States House of Representatives, where a new scene opened itself to his mind. Signs in the political zodiac exhibited indications of a portentous character. He soon discerned that there was to be a struggle for supremacy between two sections of the Union, and lost no time in proclaiming himself a NORTHERN MAN.

He was renominated for Congress by the Democratic party of his district; but soon afterward (it was in January, 1845) he published a letter denouncing the annexation of Texas, which he had opposed from its first mention. The Democratic State Central Committee, considering this letter an unpardonable heresy, called a new convention in the district, at which Mr. Hale's nomination was reconsidered, and Mr. John Woodbury was nominated as the "regular Democratic candidate." A majority was required to elect, and there was "no choice" for all that Congress.

In 1846 Mr. Hale was again elected to the New Hampshire Legislature from the town of Dover, and was chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives. He presided with dignity and urbanity; and his independent, conscientious expression of opinion, in defiance of party trammels, gave him such a strong hold upon the popular sentiment, that the Legislature elected him United States Senator.

When Mr. Hale took his seat he was almost alone, and had to combat, single-handed, the political "giants in those days." Sometimes he was met with labored arguments, then subjected to bitter reproaches; at times those who were but "his peers" would affect almost to ignore his presence, and again they would mercilessly denounce him as advocating doctrines dangerous to the liberties of the Republic. But the Senator from New Hampshire was not to be intimidated, or diverted from what he considered to be his duty. Adopting the *guerrilla* tactics, he manfully held his ground, and with felicitous humor, pungent retort, or keen sarcasm, made an impression upon the phalanx against which he had to contend. So high were his aims, and so conciliating were his manners, that before the close of his senatorial term Mr. Hale had beaten down the barriers of prejudice, and fairly conquered sectional discourtesy. He was thus not only the standard-bearer, but the pioneer of the North in the Senate.

At the expiration of Mr. Hale's senatorial term in 1853, the Democrats were in the ascendency in New Hampshire, and Mr. Atherton was elected United States Senator. Mr. Hale, thus released from the responsibilities of public life, was urged by numerous friends in New York to locate himself in that city for the practice of his profession. So brilliant were the inducements, that he reluctantly, and against the wishes of his home friends, commenced practice in the commercial metropolis. But he retained his house at Dover, where his family continued to reside, where his poll-tax was paid, and where he was run as a candidate for the State Legislature. His professional reputation immediately gained him clients, but the people claimed his services, and he was forced back into the political arena.

In 1855 he was again elected to the United States Senate from the State of New Hampshire, and it is unnecessary here to record his career, or his advocacy of those principles for which he as boldly contended when single-handed as now when supported by a large number of Senators. Yet he assumes no leadership, claims no precedence, but is content to advance, shoulder to shoulder, with those who but a few years since were to be found in the ranks of his opponents.

Senator Hale is especially attentive to his constituents, and never neglects their interests for practice in the Supreme Court or other private business. He is nevertheless ever ready to address public assemblages on subjects in which he takes an interest. The sailors will never forget his efforts in procuring an abolition of flogging in the United States navy, in commemoration of which they presented him with a gold medal.

From the commencement of Senator Hale's career up to the present time he has been the untiring advocate of whatever he viewed as powerful for good, as calculated to meliorate the condition of man, or as likely to advance the general interests of the American Union, without prejudice to the rights of the section which he represents. He has ever firmly refused to bow before counterfeited images, or to scramble for place in the arena of party, but he has never declined to assume whatever burden of duty his friends counseled him to bear.

In person Senator Hale is burly, bluff-looking, with a clear eye, and a hearty grasp of the hand for his friends. His colloquial powers are of a splendid order, and he is a rare humorist, genial, sunshiny, and kindly. He laughs with the foibles and shortcomings of the world—not at them; and his laugh is pure and silvery. Married in early life to Miss Lucy H. Lambert, of Berwick, Maine (a lady who combines rare attainments of mind, beauties of character, and personal charms), he has ever found his highest happiness in his own domestic circle, which is now graced by two accomplished daughters just budding into womanhood. An evening spent with this estimable family is an event to be remembered with pleasure.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 24, 1858.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Mr. BENJAMIN seems to have given this measure its quietus. The Senate may, of course, reconsider the vote by which it has deferred further consideration of Senator Gwin's bill till December next, but it is not likely. Small as the majority was in favor of Mr. Benjamin's motion, it is one of those majorities which time is likely to swell.

One very striking fact is apparent on a glance at the division which took place on the question. All the aspirants to the Presidency voted against deferring the bill; both Republican and Democratic candidates for the White House registered their votes in favor of proceeding with the railway forthwith. The hostile majority did not contain one name which is likely to suggest itself, for the present, to any nominating convention; and, in fact, the Presidential "platforms" of all political parties are now identical on the question. All concur in pledging their standard-bearers to the construction of the Pacific Railroad.

How, then, does it happen that the Senate so unceremoniously throws overboard this "plank," which forms a part of all political platforms?

Of course, the deficiency in the Treasury occurs as the most obvious reply. The United States Government is in the market as a borrower. It pays more for its money than the brokers of Wall or the first-class merchants of South Street. It is not likely to grow rich in a hurry, for its revenues are falling off prodigiously, in consequence of the retrenchment in expenditures and the curtailment of importations. Under the circumstances, this ought to be ground enough for the refusal of Congress to embark in a new enterprise which is likely to cost a couple of years' income.

But it is to be feared that there is yet another reason for the postponement of the measure by the Senate. A Pacific Railroad is a magnificent project to ventilate in the press and on the stump. It is certain to command the enthusiastic approval of the people of California, Oregon, and the States bordering on the Mississippi. The very name of the thing evokes visions of fat contracts, a prospect by no means unpleasing to politicians of any party. No wonder, then, that the managers of all parties have made a rule of adopting the scheme as part of their programme.

But to build the road is a very different matter. The enterprise itself is without example in the history of public works. It could only be likened to the great Wall of China, or the Pyramids of Egypt, which were built by compulsory labor. The great military roads of Russia, which are exhausting the means of the Empire, are bagatelles in comparison. It would require an army of workmen to build it, an army of soldiers to protect them while at work, and an army of settlers to see that the Indians did not tear up the rails when they were laid. Every ton of iron laid on the sleepers, and every ton of Pennsylvania or Maryland coal burned on the locomotives would be as costly, in proportion, as the flour now consumed by General Johnston's force—which costs $100 a barrel. Of the expense of building the road nothing need be said, though the old estimate of a hundred millions would fall short at least by one-third of the sum which, judging from the cost of our railways in these States, would be required to place the enterprise in working order; but, if the road were resolved upon, fifty millions more or less would not matter. No return could ever be expected; even in the Atlantic States no railways pretend to pay dividends which have not a large way traffic.

There is, however, another and a greater difficulty than any of these. There is a strong and a growing prejudice—based on thorough experience—against governments embarking in works of construction or improvement. We do not now allude to the constitutional question whether such works fall legitimately within the scope of the functions of our governments. We refer to the general opinion that whenever a government undertakes to build or to dig, it does the work badly, and is tremendously cheated into the bargain. This has been the experience of the United States government in the construction of vessels of war, and in works of internal improvement in a score of places. It has been the experience of the State governments of New York and Pennsylvania in their canals. It has been the experience of every State government which has ever built or dug. Experience teaches that, in this country, at all events, Governments are not fitted to undertake works of internal improvement. There is no reason to suppose that the Pacific Railroad would prove an exception to the rule.

Of course we do not mean to be understood as considering these objections finally fatal to the scheme. An Atlantic telegraph seemed a monstrous absurdity a few years since. And a few years hence all the difficulties in the way of an interoceanic road may be overcome. But they are quite formidable enough at present to justify a prudent administration in evading the responsibility of undertaking the enterprise, and bequeathing it as a legacy to their successors.

This is not the place to inquire into the relative merits of the various routes for a railway from the Pacific to the Mississippi. There can be no doubt, should the road ever be undertaken, but the real termini of the traffic would be San Francisco on the one side and New York on the other. The best route therefore would appear to be that one which the nature of the country will permit to be built as nearly as possible to a straight line between New York and San Francisco. And whatever opposition might be made by sectional interests to such a route, the common sense of the country would doubtless insist on its being adopted, were Congress prepared to undertake the work.

BANK UNION.

The New York *Herald* has been urgently pressing on the attention of the city banks the expediency of some sort of union or association, with a view to a harmonious policy in the event of future financial disturbance.

The difficulty in the way of such an innovation arises from the number of individual influences which a bank consolidation would sacrifice. We have here between fifty and sixty banks, each of which has a president and a cashier. Each of these presidents and cashiers conceives himself to be better acquainted with the business of banking, and a more skillful financier, than any of his rivals. Each wields, in his particular sphere, an amount of power which he would be very loth to part with. Hence, as a bank consolidation would consign to obscurity at least nine out of ten of the bank managers, it seems almost certain that an immense majority of that body would resist any change which would tend toward consolidation.

This is the argument against bank union. On the other hand, the public interest would unquestionably be greatly advanced by some sort of association among the banks. The existing rivalry is the cause of all the disasters which befall our banks. In flush times, such as those we see at present, the competition for good paper is so keen that it is almost certain that many banks will overshoot the mark and make bad debts in order to secure business. If the city banks were agreed upon some general rule of action, so that seven-eighths of them were not—as they are now—compelled to pursue a certain line of policy in consequence of the course of the remaining eighth, it is not likely that they would be any the less successful as pecuniary enterprises, and it is certain that they would do business with infinitely less risk.

As the case is at present, our fifty odd banks are striving incessantly to cut each other's throats. They are irreconcilably hostile to each other, and have a direct interest in each other's failure. Hence, when hard times come, each bank concerns itself not only about its own safety, but about the damage to be done to its neighbors. Such a bank is consoled for the losses it suffers on perceiving the far greater troubles which have befallen its neighbor. It calculates that these disasters will send a certain number of depositors to its counter. Four or five large banks, by their weight and influence, impose the law upon all the others. If they discount freely—no matter how foolishly—all the other city banks must do the same or lose their customers. This was the principal cause of the commercial troubles last year. If those great banks contract, all the other banks must do the same for safety's sake.

It appears that there is a great deal of good sense in the suggestion of the *Herald*, that the banks should avail themselves of the present plethora of money and stagnation of business to extend the partial association now existing at the Clearing House to their entire business. No man of business doubts that, during the trying times of last year, the great banks of England and France served the commercial communities of those countries far more effectively than our fifty odd little concerns did here. It is a settled thing that we can never have a great bank here. But there is no reason why our banks should not organize a mutual association, which would impart unity to their operations; and we shall be glad to hear that they have some such scheme under consideration.

ARE WE TO HAVE MASKED BALLS?

Mr. Ullman, the *impresario* of the Academy of Music, seems to have got into a sea of trouble by his announcement that he intended to give a masked ball under the auspices of Monsieur Musard. The announcement of masked balls seems to have been a signal for a number of masked batteries to open upon him. Justice Welch has fulminated a sort of firman against any such scandal. Superintendent of Police Carpenter has declared that our immaculate Police will suffer no such infraction of the laws. And our truly moral Legislature, fresh from the consummation of lobby jobs, have passed an Act which will expose Mr. Ullman—in case he perseveres in his design—if not to fire and sword, at least to penalties which no man, were he even a manager, would lightly court. So that, on the whole, the prospect is decidedly adverse to any masked balls in New York this season.

Let us thank fortune. In Paris, at the Academy of Music, among a people bred to that sort of thing, and in a locality into which no ruffian ventures to penetrate, masked balls may be tolerable; though even there, and under those favorable circumstances, they are productive of an amount of vice which is frightful to contemplate. In this city they would be very different affairs. No tariff of prices would exclude persons whose presence would alone contaminate the most respectable scene. All the prize-fighters and the fancy; all that loose, idle, and disorderly youth which sustains the gambling-houses and other improper places; all the women who have lost every thing that is worth preserving; all the pickpockets and jail-birds; and, generally, all that class of the population whom it is ruin to meet, would infallibly collect in great force at a public masked ball given in this city. Under cover of the mask and disguise, things would be said which would almost bring a blush to the cheeks of the painted figures on the ceiling of the Academy. Licentiousness and brutality—the peculiar characteristics of our rowdy population—would run riot. Wholesome enjoyment, playful dialogue, witty repartee, amusing mystification—all that forms the charm of masked balls elsewhere, would be wanting; in their stead the spectator would discover nothing but what he may see any night in the under-ground dancing-cellars of Water Street.

If it be true, as many believe, that we are gradually progressing in morality and intelligence, there may come a time when masked balls may be safely attempted here. When we are less thoroughly tainted with foreign rascaldom, and when native rowdyism is under some semblance of restraint, it may be possible to venture upon a masked ball without fear of a moral earthquake. But at present the thing is impossible, and a prudent manager will not attempt it.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.

Mr. Brady, the great photographer of this city and of Washington, has initiated a new feature in the photographic art. He has begun to publish photographic likenesses of eminent individuals. These likenesses resemble steel engravings; differing from them only in their superior fidelity to nature. Their cost is the same. Mr. Brady has begun his series with a portrait of the Reverend Archbishop Hughes; he proposes to continue it with the late Colonel Benton (of whom we gave an admirable likeness in our last Number), and to keep it up for some time, publishing a portrait a week. The subscriber to Mr. Brady's photographic gallery of portraits will thus be enabled to cover the walls of his library with reliable likenesses of the most eminent Americans of the day at a very moderate cost.

While we trust Mr. Brady will be as successful as he deserves, and indeed doubt not but he will find his new branch as profitable as the former ones, we can not forbear contrasting the cost of his gallery of portraits with that which is presented to the subscribers of *Harper's Weekly*. We do not hesitate to say that our portraits will not yield to Mr. Brady's in point of accuracy and finish. They are invariably drawn by the first artist—in that line—in this country; they are engraved by the most practiced and skillful engraver of portraits; they are printed as no newspaper illustrations have ever been printed in the United States. As a general rule, their fidelity as likenesses and their merit as works of art are admitted by all. They appear, on an average, in every number of the paper. Thus, the subscriber to *Harper's Weekly* will obtain, for two dollars and a half, a series of fifty-two portraits of eminent men, as choice and perfect as Mr. Brady's, for one-half the cost of one of Brady's photographs. We need not add that, in addition to the portrait, he will have, every week, a biographical sketch of one or more eminent men, together with the best stories, essays, poetry, and the illustrated news of the world. It may well be questioned whether two and a half dollars ever procured for any one so much instruction, entertainment, and wholesome reading.

THE USURY LAWS NULLIFIED AT LAST.

Our rural friends in the Legislature, who have so obstinately contended against the least modification of the Usury Laws, seem to have been entrapped into repealing them unawares. The Act legalizing time transactions in stocks, which obtained a large majority in the Senate and Assembly, defeats the Usury Laws as completely as any one could desire: there is reason to believe that its framers and supporters had this end far more directly in view than the suppression of illicit stock gambling.

For instance: A B desires to borrow ten thousand dollars of C D. Money at the time is worth 12 per cent. Up to the present time, however A B and C D managed the transaction, it was always in the power of C D to plead usury when the debt became due; and many rogues did so with perfect success. Now, when A B wants ten thousand dollars, he will go through the following operation: He will buy ten thousand Virginias, Missouris, or Tennessees, and sell them for cash to C D, at a given price; he will, at the same time, buy them back of C D on time, at an advance in price calculated to give C D the full market rate of interest. He will thus obtain the use of the money he requires, and C D will get the interest that the times justify.

In this manner the absurd restrictions on trade created by the Usury Laws may be evaded. Until common sense becomes general enough for the entire repeal of these laws this compromise must be accepted as a boon. The members of the Legislature are entitled to public gratitude.

We are informed that the Corliss Steam-Engine Company have contracted to introduce their improvements in steam-engines into the steamer *Voyageur de la Mer*, of which a fine illustration was lately given in this journal.

CRIME IN NEW YORK.

The Congress of the United States, as the Legislature for the District of Columbia, have at length been roused to action by the frequency of riots, murders, and lawless acts occurring within the precincts of the Federal capital. They are in the act of passing very thorough measures for the vindication of the laws and the repression of rowdyism. This help comes not a day too soon.

Can not the example be followed in this city? For many days past the average of reported murders has been one per day. Many of these cases of homicide have been characterized by circumstances of peculiar brutality. Some of them have resembled the case of poor Mr. Swanson, who was murdered by a young villain who had never seen him before the moment he dealt him the fatal blow. All have demonstrated the utter inefficiency of the police to preserve the peace of the city and to execute the laws against crime.

The worst feature in our social system is the difficulty of punishing obvious guilt. The only aid the laws get in this community is from the newspapers. But for the press it is doubtful whether any crimes would ever be avenged. When the *Herald* or *Times* publishes a harrowing account of a murder—as they do about six times a week in these times—the police are coerced into activity, and, after a convenient delay, certain arrests are made. Generally speaking, the persons arrested are the criminals. It is after the arrest that the difficulties begin. In the first place, blunders are apt to be made in commitments, and Judges are prone to accept bail when they ought to do nothing of the kind. Then, when prisoners are brought up for trial, juries are sure to disagree; and if by any accident a jury should be empanneled which contains no bigoted co-religionist or compatriot of the prisoner, who will vote to acquit him in the teeth of any evidence, the prosecuting officer or the Judge is quite certain to make some blunder which will afford the Supreme Court an opportunity of ordering a new trial. If, after all, the criminal should be convicted, a weak or ignorant Governor is sure to commute his sentence, or to pardon him altogether.

Governor Clark, after a very creditable performance of the gubernatorial function, ruined his fame by a general jail delivery on resigning his office. Governor King has not waited for the term of his official career to defeat the ends of justice. If he had done no other act during his Governorship, his commutation of the sentence of death passed on M'Connell, the convicted murderer of an old woman under circumstances of unparalleled atrocity, would exclude him from the list of Governors of whom New York may be proud.

THE LOUNGER.

MUSARD, JUN.;

For, although Musard, *père*, no longer conducts an orchestra, we have no right to assume that he does not live, nor deprive him of any of his proper honors.

As for the young man, such a very loud blast was blown upon the trumpet of many types—the fact of his "world-wide" celebrity was insisted upon in such capital letters—the universal enthusiasm of Paris, while he played bulls and cockerels with his orchestra, and its profound gloom and despair when he deliberately deserted the Hotel d'Osmond for Irving Place, were so vividly described—that the easiest Lounger who faithfully reads his newspaper, and believes it—who also reads playbills, and believes them—naturally asked himself, in the midst of the thunder, "If this French gentleman is so *very* famous, and if Paris, *sans Musard*, is Paris no more, how happens it that our American knowledge of him is so limited?" There are, at the most moderate calculation, several persons in New York who have been in Paris, and we might, therefore, seem to have some right to know something of this colossal reputation. The *Huguenots*, *Leonora*, the *Messiah* were overlaid with Musard. Musard came in suspicious envelopes to private houses. Musard wreathed the advertising columns of the newspapers. Musard flared and flamed upon the dead walls. Musard stood at half-length in the shop-windows and in the illustrated papers; and finally, Musard neck-ties, for the Concerts Musard and the Bal Masqué Musard, were hung temptingly before the longing eyes of young New York.

Now, it is always a great pity when a distinguished company in full dress is marshaled and ushered by solemn lackeys in livery into a lofty dining-room where beef-steak and onions are served upon gold plate. It is good eating; but if you get out for it the full dress, the liveries, and the gold plate, what are you to do for the larks' tongues and ortolans?

Some years since the Lounger was in London, where M. Halévy, a very second-rate French composer, had, in company with M. Ingenious Scribe, just perpetrated an opera, founded upon Shakespeare, called *La Tempesta*. It was an English June, and the height of the London season; and at her Majesty's Opera-house, where the new work was produced, a pupil of Pasta's, named Parodi, had made her *début* in the new opera, singing, if the Lounger is not mistaken, *Stephano's* song. In that particular song she excited great applause. But the opera was nothing; and Parodi was evidently not a great singer, appearing only as a *seconda donna*.

The next winter, or a year afterward, she was brought to New York, for Astor Place, as a *prima donna assoluta*. Wonderful stories were told of her European triumphs, and she was duly serenaded (it was in the days of Jenny Lind) upon her arrival. After a few days she sang. The house was crowded; the opera was *Norma*. All means of manufacturing success were tried. A dove was loosed from the gallery; there were verses of welcome. Poor Parodi!

M. Musard, Jun., is the able conductor of a fine orchestra which plays in the Hotel d'Osmond, in Paris, and at the Grand Opera during the carnival balls. He composes grotesque quadrilles; and his concerts and balls are attended by the *demi-monde* of Paris. In this country, where there is no *demi-monde*—no half and half—where there are no *bal masqués*—where a promenade concert is not comprehended—M. Musard, Jun., is the conductor of a fine orchestra.

"That is all there is of it." Musard's music, as such, is not attractive. The grotesqueness of it has been elaborated by Jullien in a triumphant manner, leaving to Musard, if he be the originator of the idea, "only that and nothing more." Jullien was essentially a grotesque composer, and a magnificent conductor for the performance of the best music in the world, and a most amusing harlequin and charlatan in his personality. But that belongs to grotesque music. Jullien standing in front, with that coat, that waistcoat, that shirt bosom, that neck-tie, those curls, those gloves—Jullien patting, and pointing, and springing, and squatting, and triumphantly flourishing both arms, then sinking, a splendid mass of swell-tailoring, into a gorgeous crimson easy-chair—was himself the personification of the performance, when it was a "Fireman's Quadrille," or "An All-Nations Quadrille;" and when the music was itself good, as on the Mendellsohn and Beethoven nights, his conducting was so admirable that his personality was pardonable. Then, too, Jullien had a genuinely popular talent. His Prima Donna Waltz and Katydid Polka were favorites from the first moment they were heard. Shall we forget, too, his soloists?

The Lounger remembers these things simply in justice to Jullien. If M. Musard will give concerts of the best kind—that is, of mingled symphonies, overtures, polkas, and waltzes—he will find them the most popular. But a very little overture and a great deal of moo-ing and baa-ing, and railroad clatter, may extort a languid smile, but it will not attract an audience. The public may be a very great ass, but you must be very careful how you treat it as such. The concert on the first evening ought to have opened the eyes of the Irving Place Napoleon to several things. The only hearty and universal applause followed Thalberg's playing. There was a suspicious sound of *claque* in all the rest where it was continuous or noisy; and there was no evidence of an unmistakable *hit* in a solitary instance of the programme.

The Lounger's *confrères* of the morning papers were very generous next day. But if some one of them would try the experiment of a Pre-Raphaelite style of description and criticism of operatic and other performances, the sale of his paper would be immensely increased on the day after a first appearance. How many thousands of people opened the papers to find out whether Musard was a success! And how many of them did find out?

THE OPENING NIGHT.

There is something fascinating in "a private view." We all hurry with eager pleasure to use the opportunity. It is so delightful to be distinguished from "the public"—that poor "public" which is so abused, flattered, and denounced, to which every body makes appeals, and of whose judgment every body is skeptical.

The private spectators, as distinguished from the public, of the National Academy, came through a pelting rain, and crowded the rooms of the Gallery. They were brilliantly lighted; they were tapestried with pictures; music played in the long hall; every body looked cheerful and happy; there were all kinds of notable people—both on the floor and on the walls. There was crowding, and humming, and laughing, and squeezing, and admiring, and rejoicing. Old friends came suddenly upon each other; acquaintances jostled; lovers went about linked, and silently gazing; rejected suitors looked indifferent; and young women, sitting with Patience, looked as cheerfully calm as if all worldly wishes were gratified. Early on the ground was Ingham, Nestor of Academicians—although we believe his relations with the Academy have been interrupted. The contemplative President, Durand; the gallant Venetian, Gray; Hicks, of the disheveled locks; brisk Cafferty; Rossiter, with flowing beard; the calm Kensett; gentleman Darley; Secretary Richards; and the long line of busy servants of beauty who spread every year those brilliant walls.

Of course, in a crowd and by gas-light, pictures will not be seen. But next week, when the Academy will have been visited and the works familiar, we will talk of them together. If any Giottos and Cimabues, if any Raphaels and Michael Angelos, if any Titians and Vandycks, are lying *perdus* upon the walls, we will try and discover them.

Yes, and if patience and piety and sensibility—if delicacy, fidelity, humor, and grace—are hidden, or are visible, there, we will not the less admire and applaud; not asking that any man shall be any body else, nor that America to-day shall be Italy three hundred years ago.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

When a hundred or two of the leading citizens of New York allow their names to be published as managers of a ball, is it disgraceful to them or not that the ball ends in the wildest riot and loss of property?

The Hunter Woodis festival is over, and a cloud of ridicule and shame rests upon it. But there will be scores more of precisely similar balls, heralded by advertisements supported by solid columns of solid names. Those names will be of the kind usually called "respectable;" yet every body will understand that the ball will be a disagreeable, if not a dangerous, scene. Every body will understand that he ventures into it as a hunter ventures into the woods. He must be prepared to defend himself. He must expect to meet bullies and blacklegs, and to be at their mercy. He must expect to see policemen shivering and skulking off. All the Hons. and the Esqs. who sign the prospectus will have probably lent their names to grace an indecent row.

Now the simple question is this: Is it impossible to have a tolerably competent police in this city? Is it not perfectly notorious that the police are afraid of the rascals, and that the rascals know it?

At the Hunter Woodis Ball the Lounger learns that a gentleman pointed out to a policeman the man who had struck him, and had been trying to draw him into a fight, and added, "You don't dare to touch him!" At the same moment the bully squared off before the officer, as much as to say, "Here I am; and if you would like to arrest me, just try it on!" The gallant officer, of course, sneaked away.

Are democratic governments and civic disorder inseparable? If two thousand policemen can not keep the city in order, why not have twenty thousand? Why not have a standing army, if public decency can not be had upon other terms? You think that would be a despotism? Well; but why not have a despotism of good order as well as a despotism of bullies? At this moment there is not a "fancy man" in New York who does not live at his own sweet will—who does not do just what he pleases to do, and despise the police as a pack of old women.

It is not altogether the fault of the police. For if they are weak in numbers they know it, and must behave accordingly.

Some years since, *Punch* proposed, as a preventive of railway disasters, that every locomotive should carry a director, strapped on in front. In like manner, let it be a rule that every "respectable" gentleman who signs as a manager of Hunter Woodis Balls is to go and serve as a policeman, and we may hope for less riot and drunkenness on those festive occasions.

MOUNT VERNON—GOING—GONE!

Mr. Everett has been delivering his Washington oration in the Southern cities, and as he is thus about completing the tour of the country with his oratorical effort to secure the home of Washington, it seems that the object is about to be attained.

Mr. John A. Washington, the present proprietor of Mount Vernon, has written a letter to the ladies with whom Mr. Everett acts, and states that he has been willing to dispose of the seat only to Virginia or the United States. That was very natural and proper—provided they would pay enough. But he adds that the events of seven years show that neither of those "parties" desire the purchase. Under which circumstances, he continues, and believing that, after the *two highest powers* in our country (namely, Virginia and the United States), the women are the best guardians of such a spot—why, he is willing to hear proposals from the women. The ladies and Mr. Everett have now nothing to do but to offer sufficient money, and Mount Vernon is theirs.

It is a great pity that the home and tomb of George Washington should be exposed in the public market of this country, and finally be secured only by money skillfully talked out of the people. Congress every year wastes ten times as much as would have bought Mount Vernon, and made it a national possession entirely unique. What if Mr. John A. Washington wanted to sell at the very highest price? What is a high price for Americans to pay for Mount Vernon? It might have been had for a hundred thousand dollars, probably.

How easy it is to fly into a passion because an author ventures to suggest that Washington may have had some human characteristics; and how very hard to spend a cent in practical testimony of respect for the greatest American!

STOP THAT BALL.

Mr. Police Justice Welsh has been acquainting Mr. Napoleon Ullman, of the Grand Opera, "with the moral sentiment of the community on the subject of the public masquerades." The law decrees that they must not be. Mrs. Grundy may dismiss all her speculations about the trowsers and false noses. The natural width of the black silk will never pass through dominoes to dresses. The majesty of the law commands Terpsichore to unmask.

But we should be delighted to hear the learned Justice more at length upon "the moral sentiment of the community" upon any subject. We should be glad to know what are the more prominent symptoms of any moral sentiment at all. How—if there be a moral sentiment at present in this metropolis—its absence is to be ascertained. Whether that moral sentiment produces any other fruit than a severe reprehension of masked balls. Whether the moral sentiment is to be sought in the board of brokers. Whether it takes cognizance of public crime or a private possibility of crime. Whether it ever strains at a gnat and swallows a caravan of camels.

MUSIC ABROAD.

While we have among us so many good singers and musicians, we must not suppose that Europe is utterly silent. Tamberlik, the *great* tenor, even while Mario is living, has just achieved "an extraordinary triumph" at the Italian Opera in Paris. He has been for some time absent in Brazil. Mr. Lumley has opened "Her Majesty's" in London with a new prima donna, Mademoiselle Theresa Titiens, the daughter of a Hungarian, and born in Hamburg; with a new contralto, Mademoiselle Lucioni; and a fresh baritone, Signor Maltioli. Upon his list, also, are the names of Alboni, Piccolomini—whose earliest characters are said to be her best—Mesdames Spezia and Ortolani, and Signori Giuglini, Belletti, etc. Giuglini is a very great favorite, and has saved an Italian translation of the *Bohemian Girl*, called *La Zingara*, by his delicious singing. Besides Rosati and Marie Taglioni, Lumley will enrich his ballet with Anetta Orsini, a new dancer from Vienna, who is *not* related to the late victim of the guillotine. Miss Louisa Pyne has been singing, with her usual great success, in London, and Mr. Harrison, her tenor, has been undergoing double *encores*.

The new Opera House at Covent Garden is to open on the 15th of May. The architect is Mr. Barry, son of the designer of the new Houses of Parliament. The exterior dimensions of the building are 100 feet in height, 122 feet broad, and 240 feet long, about the size of *La Scala* in Milan. There will be three tiers of boxes, and an amphitheatre above the third tier. There will be a floral arcade of glass and iron extending the entire length of the building, a chapel-of-ease to the Covent Garden Flower-market, which will be lighted upon opera-nights for a promenade. Signor Mongini, a fresh young tenor, has been drawing crowds to *La Scala*, singing "William Tell." His prima donna was Madame de Vries, not unknown to us in New York, who is called "a good and careful singer, although some people think her deficient in expression."

A REGENT.

Some time since the Lounger mentioned that Mr. Bryant had *not* been elected one of the Regents of the University, although it was very difficult to find any man more peculiarly fitted, in every way, for such a post. But there were "political considerations," and they are always the end of argument.

At the last meeting, however, to fill a vacancy made by the death of Mr. Greig, of Canandaigua, Mr. Bryant was elected. Such an appointment honors the man, perhaps, but certainly such a man honors the office. Mr. Bryant is not only one of our most illustrious authors, but one of our best citizens. He has never held that his literary tastes and abilities and pursuits exonerated him from his other duties as a citizen of a republic. His life has always illustrated the great truth—which every scholarly American should never forget, but which is nevertheless generally forgotten by scholars—that every man in this country, just in the degree of his intelligence, cultivation, and character, owes duties to his country which it is treasonable for him to shirk and omit.

There has been sometimes a peculiar regret expressed that so noble a poet should also be a politician, and so deeply interested in public affairs. But it is because such men as he so often neglect politics that the word "politics" becomes a by-word of meanness. John Milton was not less a poet because he was a working patriot. Irving and Bancroft and Everett are not less eminent as scholars and men of letters because they have filled high state offices. The poet or the author is no longer a minstrel sitting below the salt; but, with Béranger and Dickens, is a power for base politicians to fear. Béranger's total want of executive ability kept him out of office. But his fidelity to his political convictions made him peculiarly the patriot of France.

RONCONI.

Since Mr. Napoleon Ullman has been officially informed that he must not give his masquerades—and how they would inevitably end every sensible citizen knows—and since M. Musard, with his really noble orchestra, and the carpets, and sofas, and liveried servants, and hot coffee, and ice-creams have failed to make a profound impression upon the public mind—why should not Mr. Manager Napoleon give us a short season of Ronconi, the greatest of living baritones? He has been singing in Philadelphia, where they praise his acting and do not praise his voice. But with Madame La Grange and Formes and Ronconi and Brignole, what a performance of *Don Pasquale* we might have in these lovely spring evenings! A light, sweet Opera, perfectly sung, would soon take the taste of Beef and Mutton Quadrilles out of our mouths!

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—C. A. P., *San Antonio, Texas*, honors the Lounger with a complimentary sonnet, and adds to it, as a note:

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—Please don't let your modesty prevent you from publishing this, for it is all true, every word of it, and I am willing to be tried before a jury of your readers if it is not so."

But the Lounger shrinks from the trial. He only ventures to present two of the lines:

"Therefore thrice welcome is your page of sprightly wit
and news,
When on the door-mat of our minds you wipe your
dusty shoes."

"Dear Lounger,—I am persuaded it is good to have an Art Convention, because the artists ought to know what they want, and undoubtedly do. I was glad when I heard that there were many present at Washington, if it were only to give their countenance, for the time has indeed arrived when this matter should be brought before the people to decide whether we shall have an American School of Art or not—whether we shall be proud of our achievements in all but the Fine Arts. We do not apprehend the vast importance which depends upon a proper appreciation of this subject, or the necessity of impressing the mass of our people with the great use and exalting influence it exerts among us. An American School! there are some who would conceive that to be even very droll; but it is not to such, but unto the citizens generally, we must look for encouragement and support. We must show them that in no department of art is there a deficiency of material; that of all the nations of the earth none ever presented a broader field for action, or possessed a greater amount of creative talent; that in no better way can we elevate our nation to an enviously glorious position than by cultivating a true taste for the refining influence of art, and liberally encouraging the artist. It is too evident to a close observer that already the public taste has been strongly prejudiced in favor of any thing of foreign importation, however inferior to our own it may be. We need but stroll through the public exhibitions, and mark the eagerness with which European pictures are sought out, and the prices paid for them, when they are acknowledged to be inferior to the best works of our own artists; while the taste is becoming so thoroughly foreign that our painters are compelled—that they may receive commission—to cast aside their originality and become mere imitators, which is derogatory to the advancement of true art in this country. We therefore hail the Convention cordially, in the hope that a better state of things will emanate from it; that through a more patriotic taste we may greet ere long productions in the various branches that will be a cause of congratulation to those who are truly interested, and be an honor to the nation. V. de V."

—The Lounger sympathizes most heartily with his old friend V. de V.; but he does not find in the history of art that Academies or associations of any kind have ever really helped its development. You can not make a school of art as you make a pair of shoes. If in this country, at this moment, there are artists who are full of purpose, and who unite manual skill to imagination, there will presently be an American school of art. And if you regard a convention of artists as an indication of the consciousness of that spirit, then you may look for a school of art, but not otherwise. The facilities of study furnished by an Academy are usually more than balanced by the conventional standard of excellence it erects. The tendency of Academic influence is constantly to mechanical, not to imaginative or intellectual excellence; so that an "Academic" picture means only a mechanically correct performance. Nor must we put the cart before the horse. The popular taste will follow—it can not lead—a national art. It is with art as with literature. Its superiority must be spun out of the individual.

—J. L., *Quebec*, wishes to know how high or how low dresses may be worn. Just as high and as low as modesty will permit.

—A cheerful poet leads off in this brisk style:

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—I have noticed that you are always ready to record the sentiments of others. Do you know of any sentiment better than the following?

"Should the girls that are pretty unkissed remain?"

and several verses follow. But the Lounger is happy to join in the refrain of the song—

"No! no! never!"

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXXI.

Ephesus.—The Theatre.—Demetrius the Silversmith.—Route of the Seven Churches.—Tyria.—Arrival at Philadelphia.—The City.—The Bishop.—The Successors of Paul and Gaius.—Sleep.—A wise Churchman.

Of the Ephesus that you have read and heard so much of, little now remains. In vain did we search for the temple of Diana, or even its ruins. Nothing whatever is there that one could by the utmost stretch of imagination make conform to our ideas of that grand fane that was once justly a wonder of the world.

But there is a ruin that possesses perhaps more interest to the Christian traveler than would the walls of the great temple.

In most of the ruins of ancient cities are found the seats and sometimes the walls of theatres. These were generally very massive structures, often dug in the sides of hills, or built on the most solid foundations. Hence where every other vestige of an old city has been carried away, it is not uncommon to meet with the sweeping circles of a theatre, silent, ruinous, melancholy, the more so that the place was accustomed to be the most gay and brilliant of all the public places in the city.

There are here, in much grandeur, remains of a theatre, which is probably that same one into which the people rushed with the cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and in which Demetrius the silversmith made his attack on Paul, and stirred up the people against him. It is perhaps the only spot among the ruins of Ephesus at which the traveler feels any inclination to pause and recall the past.

The scene is before you. I will not endeavor to picture it as it came up to my imagination. But we found ourselves oftener in the theatre than in any other part of the desolation that once was Ephesus.

By-the-way, can you imagine the connection between the modern name of Ephesus, *Ayasileck*, and the Greek words Αγῖος Θεολογος? Because some persons say that the former is derived from the latter, and I am puzzled to detect the resemblance.

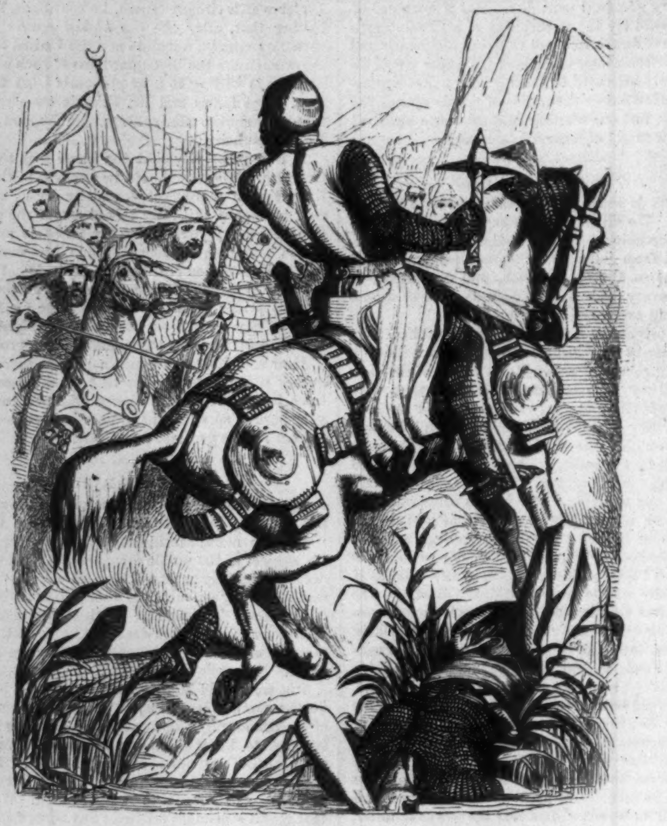
Miss Grandison was ill for a day or two during our stay at the city of Diana, and we used the time to discuss our route for the future. The tour of the Seven Churches would involve a complete circuit around Smyrna. A glance at the map will show you this. But we had some uncertainty as to whether it was best to go to Laodicea direct from Ephesus, or to go first to Philadelphia and thence to Laodicea, returning by the same route. We decided on the latter course, from the fact that the southern road was pronounced dangerous, and we heard of several robberies committed within the past month, which, with a lady in the company, it became us to avoid.

I must beg of you, if you would understand my route, to refer to a map of Asia Minor before going on with this letter. You will then see where Philadelphia and Laodicea lie with reference to Ephesus, and what I shall write hereafter will be more intelligible to you.

It is entirely impossible for me, in these letters, to give you even an outline of our journeyings. You may have before you our caravan, and that being fixed in your mind you must imagine the rest.

We have six large camels of the splendid breed of Smyrna, six mules, stout and sleek, and our horses and those of our attendants. Altogether we are fourteen persons—one, you know, is a lady. We have four tents, and the usual quantity of luggage.

Our camp at Ephesus was broken up on a sunshiny morning, and traveling along the bank of the Kaister through fields of grain and orchards of Eastern fruits, we reached *Tyria* in the evening, and rested there for the night. A false alarm of robbers in the night. John Steenburger distinguished himself by a valiant assault on one of the mules. The mule had, on the whole, the best of it. This was the chief incident of the way to Philadelphia, which we reached on the third day, in the afternoon.



THE INFIDELS AT BAY.

The city of brotherly love derived its name from Attalus Philadelphus, though who was the brother that Attalus loved I confess to you I am unable to say. My classical memory serves me no farther. I have an impression on my mind that he was brother to that Eumenes of Pergamos whose library rivaled that of Alexandria. But the history of his city sank into insignificance before that interest which attached to the city of the days of John. One ray of light from the sublime revelation of Patmos extinguishes the glory of all the kings and warriors who preceded the days of Christ.

The history of the city is but little known. Yet there are passages in it that would be worth relating; and there is a grand tradition of a battle in the crusading times, wherein one gallant knight kept back a score of Paynims, that deserves lasting preservation and illustration among the deeds of brave men. Listening to that story from a Greek priest, in the gloom of a stormy evening, as I did, one could not but recall with a thrill of admiration the deeds of the warriors of the Cross, and acknowledge how vastly Christian soldiers in later ages have excelled, in valor and valiant work, the mighty men of more ancient renown.

It is to this day a place of considerable importance. The relics of its old walls are imposing and grand, but of their age it is impossible to guess. It is the seat of a bishopric of the Greek Church, and on the whole is a city of some note in these remote parts of the Old World. Its population must be from 10,000 to 15,000.

We obtained accommodations in a very decent house belonging to a Christian merchant, and having disposed of our effects, went out immediately to look at the remains of the old city and the ruins of the new.

Almost the first person we met was the Greek Bishop, with three attendant priests, and our appearance manifestly astonished him. He had not seen such a cavalcade in "The City of God" in his time. Philadelphia, by-the-way, is now called the City of God—*Allahkshur*.

The prelate was sailing up the narrow and dusty street with all the dignity of an English Metropolitan. We were on horseback, but when we met him we dismounted and paid our respects to the representative of the Church in Philadelphia.

The glory has departed from the city that had once a crown, which God bade her hold fast, but which she long ago let fall into the dust.

This filthy-looking lot of priests were the custodians of the Church of Paul, and Gaius, and Aristarchus. We accompanied them to the episcopal residence—a miserable, cold, barn of a house, in which we were hospitably received, but in which it was difficult to realize that we were in the house of a Bishop of that Church to whom it was promised, "Him that overcometh I will make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out."

We had fruits and a glass of sherbet; and the Bishop tried to tell us of the splendor of the churches of the city, which are now in ruins—but I confess I could not believe his stories when I saw the ruins. They appear much more like remains of ancient temples of heathen gods. But the Bishop says they were churches, and he ought to know best.

Mount Tmolus stood up in the light of the setting sun, grand, magnificent, as the memorial of the faith that once blessed the city now lying in ruins below. Oh, holy faith of Christian hearts! When I remember how many have by it been sustained, even here where I now stand, in the long gone years, I thank God, and take courage. Yea, there were faithful men and faithful women, whose prayers went up from flame and torture, up above yonder serene mountain-top—up above yonder cloud lit with the red sunset glow—and whose dust is here now. They did overcome, and are pillars in the temple above!

All the afternoon, as we strolled about the ruinous town, these and like thoughts possessed our minds; and in the evening we heard vespers sung in the Greek Church, and then went home and slept.

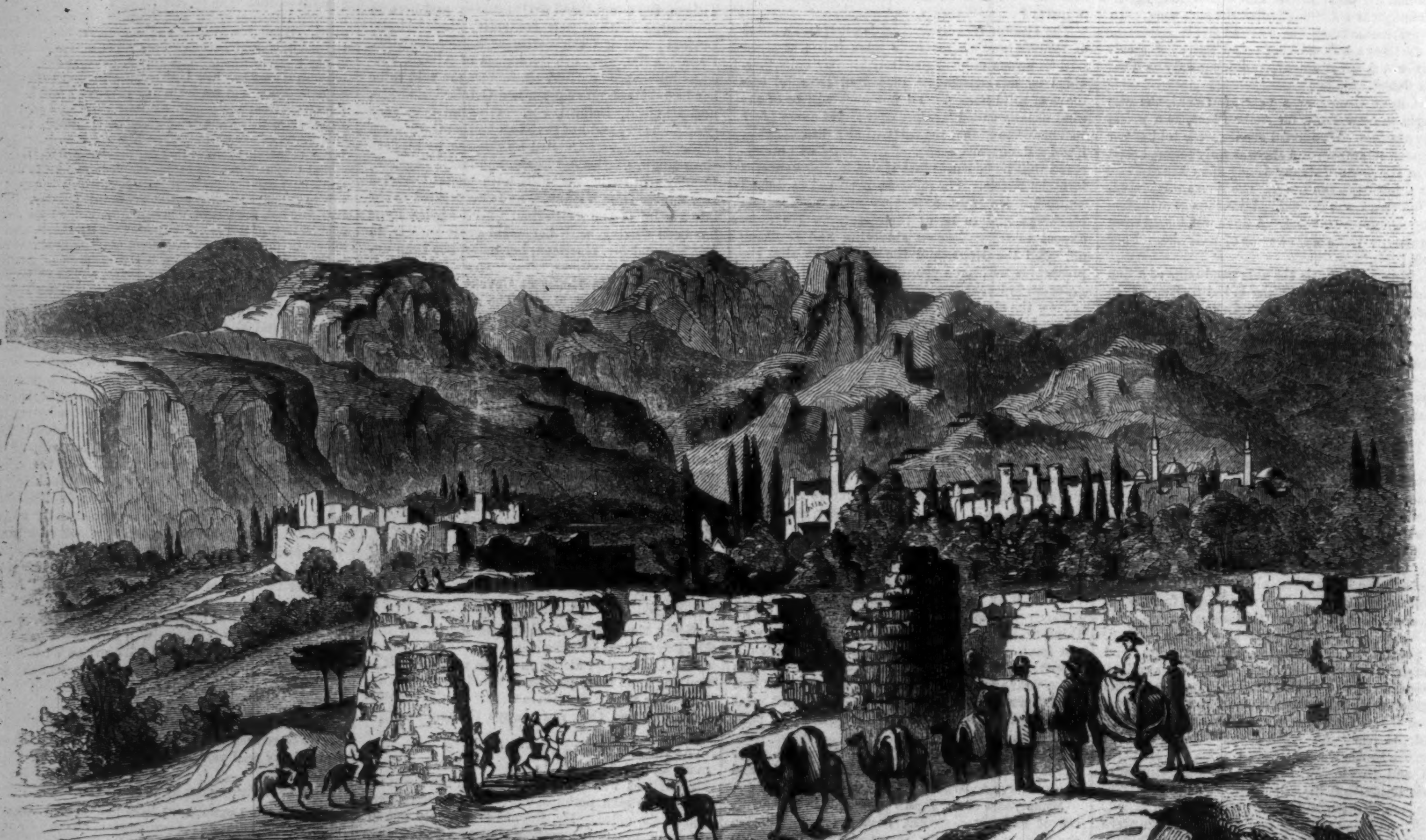
Do you know what a luxury is sleep? Were you ever tired—physically tired out? If not, you can't appreciate it. And I sometimes think, in these Eastern wanderings, that no one ever was fatigued elsewhere. I never have experienced more thorough and absolute bodily exhaustion than at the close of one of these long days of riding and ruin-visiting. But Miss Grandison is an example of endurance.

"Where is America?" asked one of the Greek priests of me, at the Bishop's house.

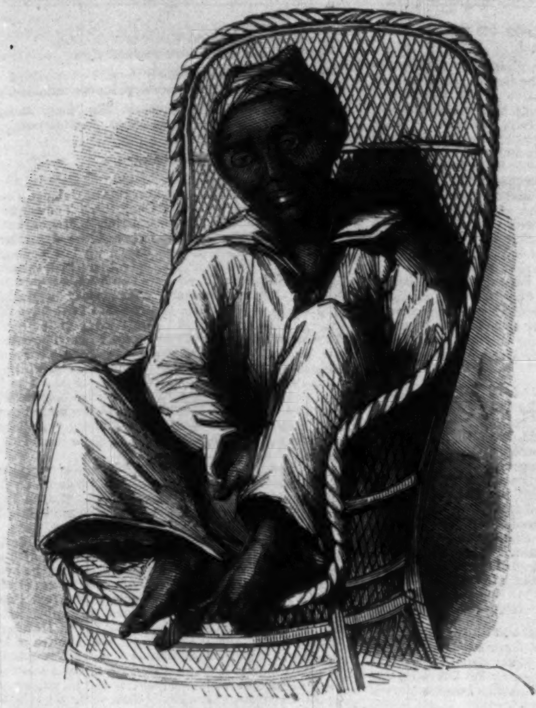
"It is on the other side of the world," said I, in Eastern style of exaggeration.

"Has the world two sides?" demanded the learned Churchman, with a look of great astonishment.

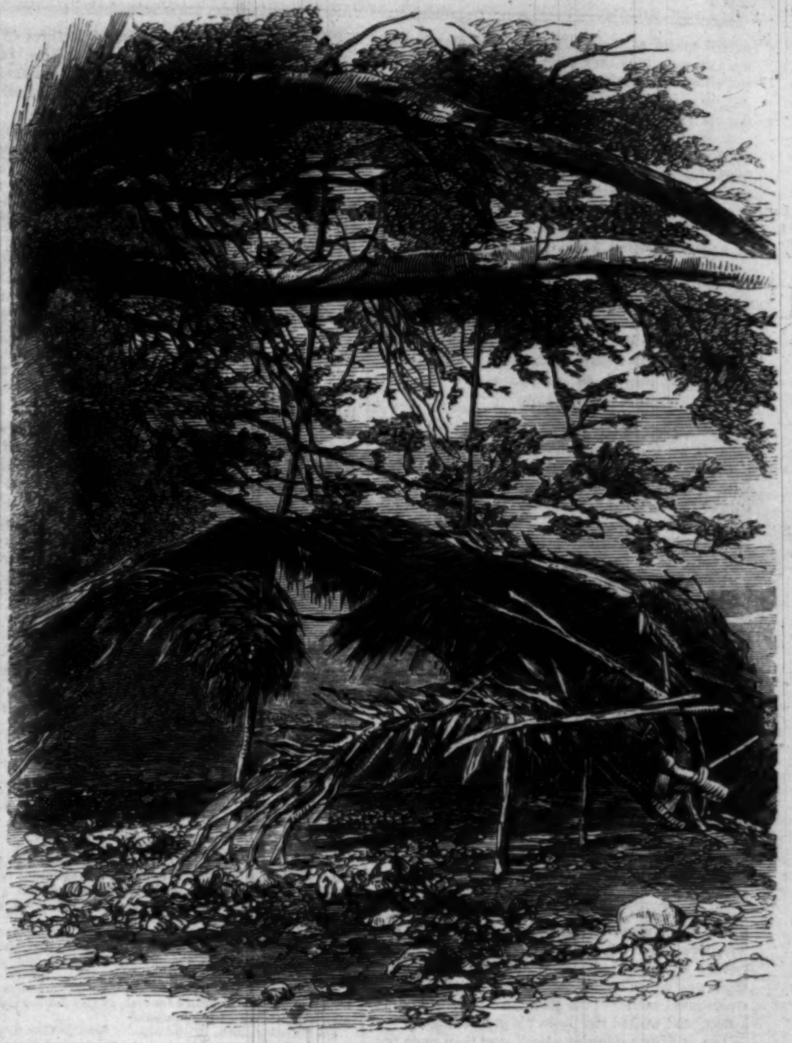
"Verily they are not past the age of Galileo here!" said I to myself.



PHILADELPHIA (NOW KNOWN AS ALLAHKSHUR).



AN ANDAMAN ISLANDER.



HUT OF AN ANDAMAN ISLANDER.

THE ISLAND PRISON OF THE KING OF DELHI.

When Delhi was stormed by the British, its King (whose portrait may be found in No. 33 of our first volume) fled across the Jumna, and, with a small train of women and eunuchs, took refuge in a strongly-constructed tomb, whence he issued only upon the promise of an impatient subordinate British officer that his life should be spared. It reflects no little credit upon the temper and self-control of his captors, who thus beheld one of the chief offenders in the rebellion escaping their just vengeance, that they scrupulously honored the pledge of one who might well have been declared irresponsible toward an individual who had himself violated every tie which could give him claims upon humanity. After serious deliberation it has been determined to exile the rebel king to one of the Andaman Islands, a small and unimportant group situated in the eastern portion of the great Bay of Bengal, between latitudes 10° 30′ and 13° 40′. A lonelier prison could scarce be found. Lying full within the range of the southwest monsoon, these isles are washed for eight months in the year by continuous rains. The inhabitants are a peculiar and most savage race, sunk to the lowest stage of barbarism—suspected to be cannibals, and known to be vindictive, treacherous, and hostile to all intruders. They seldom exceed five feet in height, have protuberant bellies, limbs disproportionately slender, skin a deep sooty black, hair woolly, nose flat, thick lips, small red eyes, and an expression of countenance made up of famine and ferocity, and indicating extreme wretchedness. They go quite naked, having no sense of shame whatever; and have made no efforts toward cultivating the ground, inhabiting only the sea-shores, along which they wander, preying and subsisting upon fish and other marine animals, snakes, lizards, and rats.

Their weapons and implements are of the rudest kind, but they use them with remarkable dexterity, particularly in spearing fish. They have no utensils that will resist fire; and cook their food, which is entirely animal, by throwing it upon the coals, and devouring it when half broiled. Their huts consist of four poles driven into the ground, and interwoven with branches of trees. Herds of a diminutive species of hog—supposed to be descended from a shipwrecked stock — are found in the forests, and with the skulls and bones of these animals the islanders are accustomed to adorn their rude huts. These remains, it is supposed by some travelers, first gave rise to the supposition that the Andamanese were addicted to cannibalism.

They are continually in a state of semi-starvation, which may account, in part, for their ferocity, and their very low physical and moral condition. Their chief trouble, however, is to protect themselves against the countless flies which swarm here as they do on the coast of New Holland. To evade this plague, the first care of the islander, on getting up in the morning, is to daub himself all over with a thick coating of mud, which, hardening in the sun, forms an armor completely insect-proof. He next paints his woolly locks with red ochre—and, this done, pays his respects to his neighbor; which salutation of politeness—said to be never omitted—is performed by lifting one leg and smiting the lower part of the thigh with the open hand.

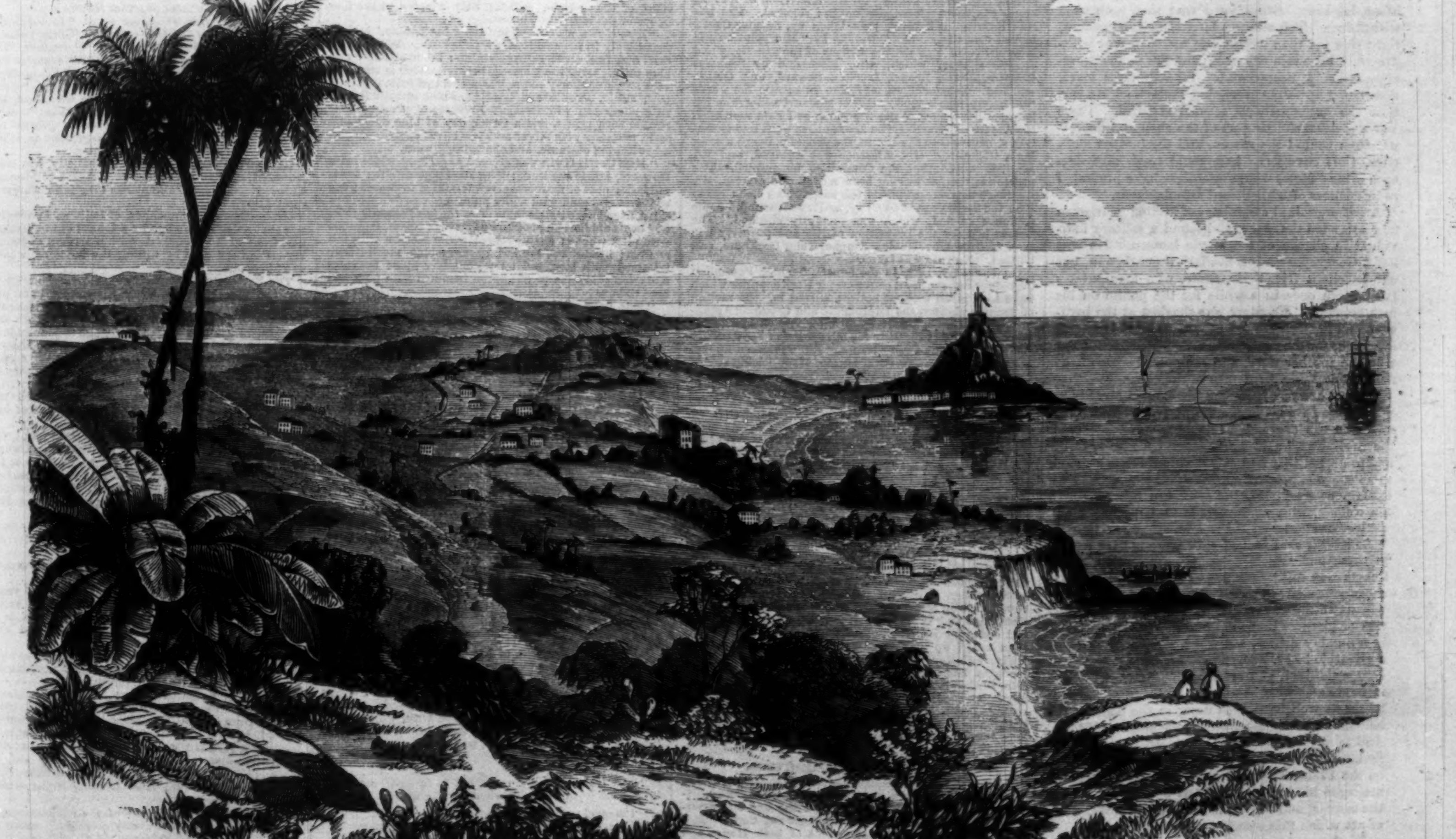
The Andamanese are supposed to worship the sun and moon. During violent tempests they become much alarmed, and by various barbarous and disgusting ceremonials endeavor to avert the wrath of the storm-demon. Their language is peculiar, and has not the slightest affinity to any known to be spoken in India or on any of the Indian islands. It has been supposed that they are the degenerate descendants of a tribe of wandering negroes; but of this there is no certainty. When the great island of Papua comes to be thoroughly explored, it may be that the Andamanese will be found akin in manners, language, and race to the Papuan negro.

Great Andaman and Little Andaman are the chief isles of the group. Of these the first and most northerly is 140 miles in length and 20 miles in breadth, and contains in its centre a peak—the Saddle Peak—2400 feet in height, which forms a landmark for passing mariners. On this island was established, in 1793, a British penal settlement, called Port Cornwallis, where were sent convicts from Bengal. The harbor is excellent, but the situation proved so extremely unhealthy that the settlement was abandoned in 1796. Since then the islands have been visited willingly but once, in 1825, by a British squadron bound for Rangoon. On that occasion the natives attacked a peaceful watering party with such obstinate ferocity that they were not beaten back until the British lost three men, and two-thirds of the attacking party were slain.

Of animals the islands have, besides several snakes and lizards, only small hogs and rats. Timber for ship-building and cabinet purposes is found, but only one fruit, the mango. The cocoa-nut, which flourishes in the neighboring Nicobars, is not known to the Andamanese. The swallow, which builds the edible birdsnests so much prized by the Chinese, is found here in caves by the sea-side.

Altogether, this prison-home of the inhuman ex-king is of the most desolate character; and, living there, he will have leisure, in the absence of opinum, to bethink him of his past life, and prepare for that death which, in his case, can not be far off.

A few years ago an American Indiaman was cast away on Little Andaman. Half the crew were murdered by the natives, who made a sudden and ferocious descent upon them soon after they got ashore. The rest were immediately driven into a boat, which, fortunately, they had been able to preserve; and such was the inextinguishable hatred of the natives, who followed them along shore, and



VIEW OF THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS, THE PRISON OF THE KING OF DELHI.

darted spears at them whenever they approached near enough, that they were obliged to put off for sea without provisions or water. They were fortunately picked up a few days afterward by a passing vessel.

Now that a settlement is to be made on one of the islands, it is to be hoped we shall learn a little more of this savage and singular race, which seems so mysteriously separated from all its fellows, and planted here in the Indian waters.

P.S. Since the above account was written, further news has come to hand, from which it appears that the court having in charge the future of the ex-king of Delhi has not yet determined upon the Andaman Islands as the locale of his imprisonment. The matter was still under consideration, and the probability is that the islands will be selected as the most convenient and eligible site.

LITERARY.

THE American Geographical and Statistical Society is an institution which has recently advertised itself somewhat extensively in connection with a series of lectures and an exhibition of pictures. In common with others we received an invitation, issued by their "Committee on Syrian Exploration," to attend a private exhibition of the illustrations to be used in these lectures, and in particular the pictures of Mr. Edward Troye, the well-known artist, who has been an Eastern traveler, and has finished some elegant works while there. The invitation was well printed, and very definitely requested us to go to Niblo's Saloon, "lower door on Broadway," on a Friday evening, March 26, at eight o'clock. We accordingly presented ourselves at the door described at the time appointed and found it closed. A person connected with the theatre suggested to us an inquiry at the ticket-office, which we made, but received for reply that they knew nothing about it, and had told some forty persons the same story already. We pushed our inquiries, however, to the ticket-collector, and he passed us in at the theatre entrance, whence, by a side-door, we made our way through passages familiar in concert days to the saloon, which we entered.

Here all was darkness except behind a white screen which was stretched across the stage for the purpose of receiving "magic lantern" views. Some twenty or thirty ladies and gentlemen had found their way as we had to the room. Stumbling over stools and benches in the gloom, we at length found a seat, and waited the Society's proceedings.

Ten or fifteen minutes passed, and then some one began sprinkling the screen with water. An occasional profile was visible on it, cast by the dim light in the rear. Possibly these were profiles of the members of the Geographical and Statistical Society. If so, it was all we saw of them or their committee. At half past eight some one behind the screen tried his skill at making rabbits with his hands interlocked in an ingenious manner known to boys. It was well done—on the whole, successful. Next, an occasional view of a man with a syringe in his hand was thrown on the screen, and fresh showers of water were added. The effect on the dark air was not refreshing; on the contrary, rather chilling. At nine o'clock the spectrum of the magic lantern was thrown on the canvas, and tried by an operator—larger, smaller, more light, less light—for ten minutes. At 9.15 a view of a city, upside-down, was introduced, tried till the focal distance was satisfactory; then a view of some trees was let down over it (in the fashion of dissolving views), lifted, let down—lifted, let down; then both were withdrawn. Ten minutes later the city appeared, right side up, then wrong side up, then was withdrawn. Five minutes more, and the same city reappeared and disappeared. Five minutes more, and the same. Five more, and the same. By this time the experimenters seemed satisfied. There was a general shutting up of the shop and departure from behind the screen, and the invited audience, thus cavalierly left, could they have seen each others' faces, would doubtless have presented countenances of undisguised astonishment.

A self-organized committee of invited gentlemen now ascended the stage, and found a solitary individual in charge of the magic lantern. He was not a Geographer nor a Statistical gentleman, but our excellent friend Mr. Starr, who manipulates the lantern once in a while for the public on his own account. Mr. Starr was shocked at the invasion, and hastened to open the slide of his lantern, at which, for the first time, the invited guests saw who one another were, and recognized some of the most respectable gentlemen of the city.

"What are you here for?" demanded Mr. Starr. "We were invited," was the reply. "You have mistaken the evening," said Mr. Starr. "Read the invitation," said we. Whereupon he read it, and protested that he knew nothing about it; and as no one was present on behalf of the Society to explain or apologize, the company retired about ten o'clock, with no favorable anticipations from the lectures under such auspices.

As it afterward proved, they were not far wrong in these unfavorable opinions. The price of the tickets was fixed at a dollar a lecture, the audiences were slim, and the lecturers were choked off, when two-thirds through, to allow of the exhibition of pictures that might have amused children in a Sunday School, but which were a disgrace to a scientific body. Mr. Troye's paintings were, indeed, exhibited, and are magnificent works of art in the room where he now shows them. But they might as well have been hung in the dome of the Exchange as on the front of the stage at Niblo's. And to finish the chapter, when Mr. Troye came to remove his noble painting of The Syrian Plowman on the Plain of Damascus, a careless workman so managed his ladder as to fall absolutely through the canvas, and nearly ruin one of the finest works of art which this country possesses.

We have given more space to this account than we intended, hoping that this is the last we shall hear of the American Geographical and Statistical Society, or its Committee on Syrian Exploration. Until they can manage a course of lectures in a New York saloon, it will hardly be safe to trust them with running a line from Jaffa to the Persian Gulf, or giving to the world any new information on Eastern Geography.

The death of little children is a subject of household interest in very many families. Dr. Prime's admirable work, published by Randolph, has carried comfort and consolation into thousands of homes. Carter & Brothers now issue an admirable volume of the same class and kind, by the Rev. Dr. N. L. Rice, of Chicago, whose experience in sorrow has made him a fitting conseler of the afflicted. The book is not large, but large enough to contain an abundance of instructive truth which mothers will read, and, reading, will grow strong on.

Few good novels are published in these days. Guy Livingstone and Debit and Credit have had full swing, with no rivals. It is a feature of the age, to which we have before called attention, that the republication of the old favorites is well received. Harper & Brothers have yielded to the demand for such reading by republishing the works of Mrs. Sherwood, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Sedgwick, which are not only of standard value but of unfailing freshness and interest to young and old. In the same connection we may mention the continuation of Ticknor and Fields's elegant edition of the Waverley novels, of which the last number is the FORTUNES OF NIGEL. Nor has the publication of such books of travel as Livingstone, Atkinson, Bonar, and others have given us, lessened in any degree the demand for the works of our American sharp seers. A new edition of Rev. Dr. S. I. Prime's "Europe and the East," one of the most capital books of travel extant, has just been published by the Harpers, as well as a new edition of Mr. W. C. Prime's Boat Life and Tent Life.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, April 12th, in the Senate, a message was received from the House announcing its adherence to its vote on the Kansas Bill, on which Senator Green gave notice that he would take up the bill on Tuesday, at 1 P.M. A message was also received from the House announcing the passage of the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. Senator Hale presented a petition from the inmates of the Military Asylum, complaining of abuses, and praying for a subsistence so as to live elsewhere. Referred to a special committee. The Senate then adjourned to attend late Senator Benton's funeral, as also did the House after the reading of the journal.

On Tuesday, 13th, in the Senate, Senator Green, pursuant to notice, moved that as the House had disagreed on the Kansas Bill, the Senate do insist and ask a Committee of Conference. This led to discussion, in which Senators Green, Pugh, Hunter, Mason, Bayard, and Brown, took part, and Senator Green's motion was adopted by 30 to 24. Senators Green, Hunter, and Seward were appointed the Senate Committee. Senator Wilson then took up the Utah Telegraph Bill, which was discussed by Senators Wilson, Broderick, Douglas, Iverson, Hunter, Fessenden, Hale, and others. Senator Iverson moved that further consideration of the bill be postponed till next December, which was carried by 28 to 17. Senator Toombs moved that the Senate concur with the House and adjourn on the first Monday in June. After discussion by Senators Hunter, Iverson, and Broderick, the motion was put to the vote and carried by 39 to 12.——The House was occupied all day in discussing the Senate bill to establish a protective guard in the city of Washington. Speeches against the bill were made by Messrs. Comins, Campbell, and Stanton, and in favor of it by Messrs. Goode, Clemens, and Smith. The House adjourned without taking a vote.

On Wednesday, 14th, in the Senate, a Memorial from the Legislature of Utah, setting forth the grievances of the Mormons, was presented and laid on the table by 32 to 13. Senator Gwin presented resolutions from the California Legislature praying for the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution; referred. The Pacific Railroad Bill being then taken up, Senator Green moved that the eastern terminus be "at a point on the Missouri River between the mouths of the Big Sioux and Kansas rivers;" which, after discussion by Senators Douglas, Jones, Brown, Iverson, Seward, and Green, was lost. Senator Polk moved to substitute the words "on the western boundary line of Missouri and Arkansas, between the mouth of the Big Sioux and Fort Smith, on the Arkansas River." The Senate then went into executive session.——In the House, the Senate message asking for a Committee of Conference was received, and Mr. English moved that the Committee be granted. The previous question having been moved and carried, Mr. English's motion was put to the vote, which stood 108 to 108; the Speaker then voted ay, and it was carried. Some applause ensued, which was promptly checked. The Senate bill for the protection of life and property was then discussed by Messrs. Reagan, John Cochrane, and Gilman. No vote was taken.

On Thursday, 15th, in the Senate, Senator Fessenden moved for returns of all contracts for Utah supplies which have been given without notice; agreed to. On motion of Senator Hunter, the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill was passed; as also, on motion of Senator Seward, the Bill repealing the 5th section of the Registry Act of 1825. The Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up and discussed by Senators Polk, Mason, Hale, Doolittle, and Foster. A message was received from the House, announcing the appointment of Messrs. Stephens, English, and Howard as the Committee of Conference on the Kansas Bill.——In the House, the following bills were reported from the Committee on Commerce: by Mr. Millson, fixing the salaries of the officers and crew of revenue cutters; by Mr. John Cochrane, making an appropriation for the improvement of harbors and rivers; amending the Passenger Act of 1855; codifying the United States revenue laws. Mr. Cobb, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported adversely to the grant of public lands in aid of agriculture and mechanics.

On Friday, 16th, the Senate passed thirty-two private bills, and then adjourned. The House was likewise engaged with private bills.

On Saturday, 17th, Senator Foot introduced a bill providing for the reassembling of Congress on first Monday in November. An effort was made to take up the Deficiency Bill by Senator Hunter, and opposed by Senators Fessenden and Trumbull. It was at last made the special order for Monday. The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up and discussed by Senators Benjamin, Gwin, Johnson, Houston, Broderick, Green, Wilson, Douglas, Hale, and King. On motion of Senator Benjamin, further consideration of the bill was postponed till December next, by 25 to 22.——The House was mostly occupied with private bills. The bill to refund duties paid on goods burned in the fire at New York in 1845 was discussed by Messrs. John Cochrane, Clemens, and Stanton; no vote was taken.

THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

The Conference Committee have met thrice; but thus far no result has been arrived at. Mr. Stephens is seriously indisposed, and did not attend the two last meetings of the Committee. It is understood that Senator Seward suggests the abandonment of both House and Senate bill, and the admission of Kansas under the new Leavenworth Constitution. Messrs. English, Seward, and Howard are expected to hold out against any arrangement which does not submit the Constitution to the popular vote in Kansas.

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

An interesting and important diplomatic correspondence, lately carried on between the British Minister, Lord Napier, and General Cass, relative to the slave-trade, has reached the climax in a long, able, and convincing note from the venerable Secretary, addressed to Lord Napier, reviewing the whole subject, and furnishing a complete answer to the demands and pretensions of the British Government. Several notes had previously passed—Lord Napier complaining, on the part of his Government, that the American flag is used on the African coast as a cover to slavers of all nations, and maintaining that the United States is bound to increase the African squadron from three, the present number of vessels, to four, etc. In General Cass's note he communicates to Lord Napier the views of our Government at length, and in a manner which must silence, if not satisfy, Lord Napier and his Government. General Cass, however, studiously avoids giving offense to England, though he comments with great and deserved severity upon the Coolie trade, and the laws of England relating thereto, and animadverts with equal justice upon the African apprentice system of Louis Napoleon.

NEWS FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

We have news from Salt Lake City, by way of California, to February 6.

Mass meetings have been held in all the various districts and towns of Utah, expressive of the people's entire confidence in Brigham Young, and their approval of his acts and those of the Territorial Assembly. The principal meeting, called for this purpose, was held at Salt Lake City on the 16th of January. Mayor Smoat presided. At this meeting Committees reported two addresses—one addressed to the President of the United States, and the other to Congress. The Address to the President sets forth the grievances of the Saints, and denies *in toto* the charges of resistance to law.

The reception of the Address to Congress is noticed in our report of Congressional proceedings.

THE UTAH LEGISLATURE.

The Legislative Assembly of Utah adjourned on the 22d January. How completely subservient this body was to the priesthood may be guessed by the following congratulatory paragraph taken from the Deseret *News* of January 27:

"The Legislative Assembly adjourned on the 22d inst., without the *occurrence of a negative vote on any question or action during the session.* What an uncivilized (?) record, when contrasted with the conduct of other legislative bodies throughout Christendom! If the world in their blindness could but discern truth, light, and life, they would most heartily commend and strive to imitate the worthy example set by Utah's legislators; for the jealousies, animosities, pipe-layings, wire-workings, lobbying, quarreling, and other kindred deviltry springing from unchecked selfishness, find no place in our legislative halls. Oh, ye Gentiles! would you not love to have us install the devil a standing member in our Legislative Assemblies, as you do in yours, that discord and darkness may indisputably prevail o'er all the earth? Shame on your gross blindness and love of evil, that you will not comprehend that the Utah love of union upon every good principle proceeds from above, while the main-spring of your conduct proceedeth from beneath."

AFFRAY IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Nearly all the members who, after the House adjourned on 12th inst., lingered in the hall, conversing either in groups or in their seats, were startled by a fight between Mr. Craige, of North Carolina, and Mr. Helper, author of a book entitled *The Impending Crisis*, and formerly of the same State. They had just before been angrily engaged in conversation. Crowds of members and others rushed in and separated the combatants while they were engaged in dealing heavy blows. Mr. Helper was temporarily taken in charge by the Sergeant-at-Arms. A number of ladies who were on the floor, and witnesses of the proceedings, were much frightened. A pistol and knife were found on Mr. Helper, who made no attempt to use them. An investigation was held, and Senator Hale and Montgomery Blair, Esq., appeared as his counsel. Mr. Craige refusing to appear against his antagonist, the Justice held him in bonds to keep the peace.

MRS. GWIN'S FANCY BALL.

Mrs. Gwin gave a grand fancy ball at Washington on the 8th. Every body was there, and the affair went off well. We select from the *States* a few memoranda of the characters:

"Mrs. Gwin's dress was that of a *Lady of the Court of Louis Quatorze*, composed of a skirt of white *moire antique*, trimmed with flounces of *pointe d'aquille*; boddice of the dress trimmed with lace to match flounces; train of cherry satin, trimmed with a ruche of white satin; *coiffure* of time of Louis XIV., which added to the fine effect of the costume, so admirably adapted to the fine figure of the lady-like hostess.

"Miss Gwin, who aided in 'doing the honors,' looked charmingly in the costume of a *Greek Girl*. White satin skirt and full white satin pantalets; boots of silver and blue satin. Over the white satin skirt, which is trimmed with strips of cherry satin, was a skirt of tulle trimmed with silver. Tunic and boddice of blue satin, trimmed with silver and white satin. Necklace of pearls. Hair platted with pearls, and a Greek cap of blue and white satin trimmed with silver and two silver tassels. It was a bewitching costume, and charmingly worn.

"Miss Carrie Gwin was dressed as a *Page;* white satin trowsers, full to the knee; long stockings of silk; boots of black; coat of maroon velvet, trimmed with gold; cap of velvet and gold with white plumes.

"A friend wore the costume of an *Italian Peasant;* skirt and boots of blue silk; boddice of maroon velvet, trimmed with pink ribbon; chemisette of white muslin, with full sleeves; head-dress, the flat, square-folded, muslin frill, trimmed with lace, put on with silver pins; necklace and cross of Roman pearl; apron trimmed with pink and blue ribbon.

"Mrs. Berg, of New York, *Indian Princess*. This was perhaps the most perfect costume worn, and every thing about it was in keeping.

"Hon. Anson Burlingame, of Massachusetts, *Julian St. Pierre*, a most becoming costume, gallantly worn.

"Mr. M. B. Brady, of New York, looked magnificently as *Vandyke, in the Court Dress of his time*, a most appropriate costume for an artist.

"Miss Cass, of Michigan, was dressed with great taste and elegance as a *French Marchioness*.

"Mrs. Philip Clayton, of Georgia, wore the ball-dress of a *Lady of the Republican Court*, at the time when President Washington's 'drawing-rooms' were ceremonious affairs. It was a becoming dress, and was one of those most admired—perhaps on account of the affability of the wearer.

"Mrs. Senator Douglas, of Illinois, as *Aurora*, was decidedly *la belle du bal*, and elicited universal admiration.

"'Her presence was as glorious as her state;
Her beauty of that overpowering kind,
Whose face description only would abate;
I'd rather leave it much to your own mind,
Than lessen it by what I can relate
Of form and features; it would strike you blind
Could I do justice to the full detail—
So (luckily for both) my phrases fail.'

"Hon. Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, as a *Gentleman of the Twentieth Century*. Blue coat, metal buttons, faced and lined with white satin, except the velvet collar. Two vests—outer one white, under one red. White cravat with lace, also lace at the wristbands. White satin breeches, with red bands at the knee, white stockings, and black pumps. If all those beaux who live in the twentieth century look as well as did the honorable and gallant member from North Carolina, the appearance of ball-rooms will be improved.

"Miss Hale, of New Hampshire, as *Sunrise*, scattered bright and joyous glances wherever she moved.

"'I marvel not, O Sun! that unto thee,
In adoration, man should bow the knee,
And pour the prayer of mingled joy and love.'

"Hon. L. M. Keitt, of South Carolina, was *Buckingham* to the life, in costume, appearance, and devotion to the fair sex. His was one of the best sustained characters in the room.

"Lady Ousley, as a *French Marchioness*, would have been an ornament to the Court of Versailles.

"Miss Ousley, an *Italian Peasant Girl*.

"'A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded
A rose with all its sweetest leaves unfolded.'

"Mr. Poore, of Massachusetts, *The Merry Monarch*, and, later in the evening, as *Major Jack Downing*, enlisting for the Utah army."

PERSONAL.

The funeral service of Mr. Benton was attended, among others, by the President, members of the Cabinet, Foreign Ministers, and members of Congress. The corpse was conveyed to the cars for transmission to Missouri.

Colonel Benton's will was opened the day after his death. The document was drawn up last September, just previous to the surgical operation which threatened his life. No instructions were found with regard to his funeral. His residence at Washington is bequeathed to Mrs. Jones, and William Carey Jones is to have the library, as literary legatee. The residue of the estate is distributed among the surviving children. The executors are Messrs. William Carey Jones, John C. Frémont, Richard T. Jacob, Montgomery P. Blair, and Philip Lee.

Ex-President Comonfort, of Mexico, is about to leave New Orleans for this city, and will arrive here before the end of this month. He denies that he has any connection with filibuster schemes; and especially repudiates all implication in the movements of M. Zerman and his confederates.

Mr. Edward Everett has had a public reception in Charleston, South Carolina, on the 10th inst., on which occasion Mr. Yeadon addressed him as "Orator, Patriot, Sage, Cicero of America, Laudator of Washington, High Priest of the Union, and Friend of Mankind."

News has been received from Paris of the death of General J. Addison Thomas, of this city. He died at his residence, No. 26 Champs Elysées, Paris, on the evening of March 21, of typhoid fever, after an illness of several weeks. General Thomas graduated at West Point in 1834, and, after serving in the army, was appointed commandant of a corps of Cadets at that place. He afterward left the army, and entered upon the practice of law in this city. He was appointed one of the Commissioners to adjust claims between American citizens and the English Government under President Pierce, and afterward became Assistant Secretary of State under Governor Marcy. He went abroad less than a year ago with his family, and has resided in Paris. About a week before his death his health had so much improved that he made a journey to Havre, and was supposed to be rapidly recovering. But a relapse prostrated him, and he died after a renewed illness of only two or three days.

The Belgian Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Spencer, has been transferred from Washington to Constantinople, and will be succeeded by the former Minister of that Government to Constantinople.

The Swedish Chargé has also been transferred from Washington to Constantinople.

Special Minister Escalante will forthwith return to Costa Rica.

The Detroit *Advertiser*, having been led by an error of the telegraphic reporter to suppose that the Hon. William A. Howard, M. C. from that district, had paired off with a Lecomptonite in the important division in the House of Representatives on the 1st inst., Mr. Howard makes the following statement:

"I never 'pair' on any such vote, nor shall I lose any such vote from sickness. I am not doing that kind of business. During the time I have been here my record is full—no vote lost or paired, except the time I was in Kansas. Soon the final struggle on Lecompton will come, perhaps to-day or to-morrow, and if my name should be left out, as usual, you will please contradict the report, or announce my death. Don't say *sick* or *paired*."

Herr Formes was thrown from a carriage on Monday, while riding near Salem, Massachusetts, in company with Mr. Gorchie, and injured his leg so seriously that at one time it was feared that amputation would be necessary.

The Rev. Mr. Kalloch, of Boston notoriety, is said to have made a fortune by speculations in Kansas, and is already talked of for public office there.

It is reported that John W. Seymour, the defaulting Treasurer from Hartford, is in New Mexico, working a silver mine.

General William Marks, who was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature as early as 1810, and for six years President of the Senate of that State, died on Saturday last. In 1827 he was elected to the United States Senate and served a term of six years. In this distinguished body he was contemporary with Webster, Calhoun, Van Buren, Benton, Berrien, Hayne, and others of the great men of that day; and it is a singular coincidence that he died at about the same hour and at nearly the same age as Colonel Benton, with whom he served for six years on the Committee on Military Affairs, and between whom, although differing politically, there always existed the closest personal friendship.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "In looking over the list of members of this Congress (thirty years ago), as published in Niles's Register, of December, 1825, we notice a curious circumstance. The list contains the full names of every member of the House of Representatives but one. There was a new member from Tennessee, whose Christian name could not be found out by the compiler, and so he put him down thus: —— Polk. Twenty years afterward, this obscure gentleman, of whose identity there was so much question in 1825, was elected President of the United States.

General Edward J. Mallett, of this city, has been appointed United States Commercial Agent at Florence, in Tuscany. Our government has long been unrepresented at Florence.

Mr. Frederick Kammacher, of Indiana, Pennsylvania, was shot a day or two ago by a tenant of his, named Baker, from whom he demanded his arrears of rent. Baker settled the case by killing the landlord, whose age was about sixty.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "On Tuesday morning, the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, the eloquent and popular divine of this city, left his study at Brookfield, near Conshohocken, to look at the operation of a corn-shelling machine in the vicinity. Stepping on the inclined plane, he placed his hand on that portion of the instrument known as the 'mule,' which spreads out the corn. His dressing-gown became entangled in the wheels of the apparatus, which lacerated his arm in the most frightful manner, from the elbow to the shoulder, severing the main artery and a vein, and inflicting the most excruciating pain.

He immediately, with great presence of mind, ordered the attendants to bind his arm up tightly, and was borne to the house very much exhausted by his great loss of blood. Two physicians were called in, one from Conshohocken and one from Norristown, who remained with him all night, and rendered every assistance in their power.

This morning Mr. Tyng was doing as well as there was any reason to expect, but he can not be considered fairly out of danger for several days.

Dimmick, of Pennsylvania, a Lecompton Democrat, is so ill that his life is thought to be in danger.

William Knapp, Jun., Esq., for the past two years Acting Consul of our Government at Shanghai, arrived in Boston on the 13th instant, and will proceed to Washington early next week on business connected with the duties of his recent position.

Lady Napier has expressed her intention shortly to pay a visit to the Hon. Mr. C. Rives, our former Minister to France, at his residence in Virginia.

General P. F. Smith has not, as has been stated, left Washington, but is awaiting orders to join his command in the Utah expedition. His health has slightly improved, but he appears yet to be quite feeble. It is likely his Western jaunt will contribute to revive and strengthen him.

The ladies of Halifax propose to present a magnificently bound and encased Bible to Lady Inglis, wife of the defender of Lucknow.

Mr. Francis H. Smith, one of the official reporters of the House, was on Wednesday morning married to Miss Anna E. Birge of Washington, D. C.

The Wilmington (North Carolina) *Herald* says: "Edwin Forrest, the great tragedian, is reported to have abandoned the stage for the purpose of opening a wine and liquor store in Chicago."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE NEW INDIAN LOAN.

The London *Times* of the 2d says: "The biddings for the India loan of £5,000,000 in four per cent. debentures were handed in on Thursday, and the result has been more satisfactory than was generally anticipated. The minimum price fixed by the India House was 97, and the tenders at and above that point amounted in the aggregate to £4,800,000. They ranged from 97 to 102, two or three persons having offered the latter price for some moderate sums. It is believed that the average will prove to be about 98. There were some large offers under 97. As soon as the adjudication of the £4,800,000 had taken place, the new security was negotiated in the Stock Exchange, and numerous transactions were effected at 98 @ 98¼, the final quotation being 98. The first payment of 20 per cent. will be due on the 8th inst."

PROGRESS OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH ENTERPRISE.

The work of taking in the Atlantic cable was, at latest dates, proceeding with dispatch on both the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon*, and the whole was expected to be on board by the 10th of May.

It is intended that the two vessels, which are expected to be completely ready by the end of May, shall, before commencing to lay the cable, proceed to sea, and in deep water, about 300 miles from the Irish coast, rehearse a series of experiments in paying out and hauling in, and put to a practical test several suggestions and appliances that have been proposed by various ingenious persons. The two ships will then return to England and report progress; and should the experiment show that improvements or alterations are desirable, there will be time to get them effected so as to enable the expedition to make its final start at the most favorable time of the year.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR AMONG THE PEOPLE.

The Emperor, on horseback, went to visit the new Boulevard de Sebastopol, a few days ago. The crowd of workmen, masons, and stone-cutters engaged in building the houses of the new thoroughfare crowded round his Majesty, and cheered him most lustily. The Emperor went home through the heart of the city by the Rue de la Ferronerie, the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue Croix des Petits Champs, the Rue Vivienne, and the Boulevards. In the Rue de la Ferronerie his Majesty reined in his horse and stood for some time looking at the bust of Henri Quatre, which is fixed up in the front of a house exactly opposite the spot where he was murdered by Ravaillac. Late events must have occurred to his mind as he gazed upon it; and he could hardly avoid reflecting on what might have been the fate of France had he met with his Ravaillac on the 14th of last January.

THE NEW EMBASSADOR TO LONDON.

M. de Persigny has returned to Paris. Marshal Pelissier was to leave for London on the 12th inst. The Marshal's income will enable him to make a greater display than any embassador since the time of Louis Philippe. 300,000f. ($60,000) a year is the salary allowed to the diplomatic representative of France in England; 100,000f. installation, on an average stay of three years, making about 33,000f. a year; a sum of 100,000f. a year which was voted to support his rank as Duke de Malakhoff; his pay as Marshal, 40,000f.; and his salary as Senator, 30,000f. —which make a total of over 500,000f., exclusive of his allowance as Knight Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. The Duke has, therefore, a sufficient income to support his rank liberally.

DUEL BETWEEN AMERICANS.

The *Commercial* gives the following extract from its Paris correspondent's letter: "A duel took place here three days ago between Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, the secretary of the American legation in this city, and Mr. Brevoort, of New York. They exchanged shots with pistols; and then, on account of an informality, the seconds stopped the fight for explanations. No meeting has since taken place, and I believe the affair is to be published."

ORSINI'S WILL.

We read in the Paris correspondence of the *Independence Belge*—"M. C——, who took part in the Roman revolution, and who is now an *employé* of the Credit Mobilier, was summoned the other day to the office of the Procureur-General, and asked if he had known Orsini. 'I knew him very well by reputation,' replied M. C——, 'but I have never to my knowledge seen him, though we may have met in the Roman Constituent Assembly.' 'That's what Orsini said,' replied the Procureur-General; 'but he has nevertheless appointed you his executor.' M. C—— replied that he was ready to accept the mission if they would show him the will. 'The will we can not give you,' said the Procureur-General, 'the law not admitting those who are condemned to death to make a will; but I undertake to acquaint you with his last wishes.' M. C—— went at once to Madame Orsini, who is at Paris, with her two young children, and offered his services to that Lady. Madame Orsini, who has been living in Italy, had not seen her husband for three years."

TWO MORE DEATHS FROM THE ATTEMPT OF THE RUE LEPELLETIER.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "We have to record this week two other deaths, victims of the attempt of the Rue Lepelletier. But the causes of their death were quite opposite. A young girl, who was wounded in front of the opera by the explosion of the bombs, has just died in the hospital Lariboisière; while a soldier who was at the execution, near the guillotine, has just died from the effects of the impression he received at the moment the heads of the prisoners fell under the axe."

CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES.

A case has just been decided at Boulogne-sur-Mer, to which the attention of young ladies about to marry should be seriously directed, as it may prevent a great deal of misery and distress. Miss Baron, a young English lady, made the acquaintance of a young Frenchman, M. Albert de Coupigny. The young people, both of whom were of age, fell in love with each other, and agreed to take each other "for better for worse." They stepped on board the Folkstone packet, and duly exchanged their vows before the registrar of that place. The little domestic drama now commenced. There were "stern parents" in the case, but, on the side of the young gentleman, unlike their prototypes in the song, they only interfered after their son brought his wife home, and then applied to the tribunal to have the marriage quashed on the plea that, first, their son had not asked their consent, and, secondly, that the formalities prescribed by law to validate the marriage of a Frenchman abroad had not been performed. As a caution for any young ladies who might be tempted to follow Miss Baron's example, it should be told what these formalities are. Three weeks before the performance of the ceremony the banns must be posted up at the mairie of the place where the bridegroom habitually resides. No matter what his rank and position may be, this formality must be complied with. When M. de Morny was married to Mademoiselle de Troubetzkoi, at St. Petersburg, the banns were put up according to the usual form at the mairie of his arrondissement in Paris. Let all girls intending to bestow themselves on a Frenchman take care that this precaution is not omitted. The consent of the parents of the bridegroom (supposing him, of course, to be no longer an infant) must also be asked, and, if refused, the intentions of the son must be thrice notified to them by a notarial act. If these precautions are not taken, what has occurred in the case of Miss Baron may again take place. Should the parents of the bridegroom apply to the law, and though the court may, as in the case in question, express deep regret that their authority should be called on to dissolve, against the wishes of the parties most interested, a marriage duly solemnized and consummated, the letter of the code is so precise that they have no alternative, and must apply to Miss Smith, Jones, and Robinson the sentence which "annulled the marriage between the parties, and condemned Miss Baron never to assume the name of Madame de Coupigny under pain of fifty francs fine for each infraction." There are some ugly features about this case, which it is painful to dwell on. M. Albert de Coupigny made no opposition to the application of his parents, and it is extremely desirable that the final *dénouement* of this matrimonial romance should be clearly understood.

THE EMPEROR AND LAMARTINE.

A number of the friends of Lamartine, without distinction of party or profession, have united in a plan for honorably relieving him from his oppressive pecuniary embarrassments, and securing his last days from further disquiet on that score. A deputation from the Maconnais Committee, who had undertaken the execution of this plan, went up to Paris a few days ago to ask of the Minister of the Interior permission to open the subscription in favor of their illustrious fellow-citizen. The Minister replied to their petition as follows:

"GENTLEMEN,—I have had the honor of communicating to the Emperor the object of your yesterday's visit. His Majesty is deeply touched at M. de Lamartine's actual position, and earnestly feels that the honor of France is engaged in preventing the aggravation of this position by its continuance. None of us can be indifferent when there is question of coming to the assistance of one of the greatest literary glories of our time, and no one can appreciate more fully than does the Emperor all the claims of your distinguished countryman (*glorieux compatriote*). The prince who has been opposing for these ten years the excesses of demagoguism does not and never will forget the services rendered by M. de Lamartine to the sacred cause of order in 1848, and all the wretchedness and shame from which France was saved by his glorious energy. I authorize the subscription which you, gentlemen, so nobly undertake, and am happy to inform you that the Emperor desires to inscribe his name at the head of it. Accept, etc., ESPINASSE."

DUMAS COOKING AGAIN.

A correspondent at Marseilles writes to the *Post:* "The prolific play-writer, M. Alexandre Dumas, is now residing here, to superintend the production of a new drama, *Les Gardes Forestiers*, which he has just written, and which is to be acted for the first time on Monday next. This drama, as I am credibly informed—represented to be one of the best of that writer's genius—was composed and completed in the very short space of time of four times twenty-four hours; having been commenced on Monday, February 22, and finished early on the following Thursday. M. Dumas forestalled the completion of the drama by one day, as he had entered into an engagement with the director of the theatre to write it in five days. My informant, on whose testimony I can implicitly rely, assured me that if he had not been an eye-witness he could not have believed it possible for the most gifted writer to compose so rapidly and under such circumstances. My friend found M. Dumas composing the drama, seated between his secretary and copying clerk, to either of whom he alternately turned, to indite, or to look over the MSS.; while, at the same time, there were from eight to ten persons in the apartment, with whom the writer entered actively into conversation. But what astonished my informant most was to find that, as the dinner hour approached, M. Dumas, stripping to his shirt sleeves, entered the kitchen, and handling the *casseroles* with the skill of a professed *chef*, prepared with his own hands that all-important repast. I am told that it is a habit with M. Dumas that when his mind is intensely engaged in study, he takes for a short time to the fumes of the kitchen by way of recreation."

GERMANY.

A NOVEL USE OF CHLOROFORM.

Hans Zocher has discovered, by means of the sleep produced by chloroform, the deception produced by a pretended mute, who attempted to quarter himself upon the cantonal hospital at Munsterlingen, during the winter, under false pretense. A full dose of chloroform betrayed his power of speech. His involuntary vociferation was of the most distinct and articulate character.

HUNGARY.

A TALE OF HORRORS.

An atrocious crime has just been perpetrated in Sziksza, in Hungary. A hawker who had long been in the habit of traveling about the country selling linen, stopped for the night at the house of a peasant. After taking his supper quietly with his hosts, he retired to bed. In the middle of the night the wife awoke her husband, and proposed to him to go and murder the hawker, in order to get possession of his property. The husband positively refused, on which the woman, calling him a coward, went and plunged a large knife into the heart of the sleeping hawker. The husband then, by order of the wife, put the body into a sack, and threw it into the river, while she set about removing all the marks of the blood. In the morning her son, a boy of five years of age, asked his mother for a piece of bread, when she took a knife to cut him a slice. Seeing this, the child cried out, "Do not cut it with that knife, for you used it to kill the hawker!" On this, the woman fearing that her crime would be revealed by the child, seized hold of him and threw him into the oven. It so happened that on the very night of the murder the house of another peasant had been robbed of a quantity of meat and bacon, and the owner had been prowling about in search of the thief. In passing near the house of his neighbor he smelt an extraordinary odor of something burning, and gave an alarm. While persons were entering the house to search for the cause of the smell, the mother pulled out the half-consumed body of the child from the oven, and endeavored to carry it away in her apron, but one of the feet was seen protruding, and the whole affair was discovered. The peasant and his wife were arrested, and the woman made a full confession of her guilt.

ITALY.

MASSES FOR ORSINI.

At Padua, a collegiate row has ended in the handcuffing and imprisonment of two hundred or three hundred students of that university. There is, on the outskirts of the town, a very picturesque and spacious church, dedicated to St. Antonio, called "Antony of Padua." To this shrine the Paduan youths came with a request for a requiem mass in favor of Orsini. The monk refused, but consented to officiate for an "unknown soul." The attendance was numerous, and at the close a grand *de profundis* was chanted by the disaffected lads, who were set upon and seized on their return.

INDIA.

THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE.

Mr. W. H. Russell, the famous *Times* correspondent, has arrived in India, and has begun to write home. After describing his entry into the ruined town of Cawnpore, he says: "A few yards beyond this mass of the ruins of what had once been a house there rose a ramp or sloping mound of earth from the level of the ground to the edge of a circular brick well, the top of which was covered in, and close by the well stood a monumental cross. It was scarcely necessary for my companion to say, 'There is the house and just beyond it is *the* well.' We passed on by the blackened wall of an absurdly fine masonic lodge, and by the ruins of a very spacious building called the Assembly-rooms, just opposite the scene of the butchery; by a house close to it, in which the Nena lived after the occupation of the place by the Sepoys; and then through the remains of mud houses and bungalows, till we reached the ruins of the Cawnpore hotel. Every thing around us was dilapidated—not a pane of glass in the broken window, the doors and ceilings broken, and here and there the holes made by cannon shot; but we were glad to find that some of the rooms were unoccupied, and that such things as breakfast and dinner were not unknown. The scene from the hotel—you must dismiss from your mind all associations connected with the use of the word in Europe, so far as the outward aspect of the place is concerned—was curious. Ruins, ruins, nothing but ruins, amidst which troops of vultures were gorging themselves, mingled with buzzards, kites, 'adjutants,' and carrion crows; a few tents pitched inside the compound by travelers *en route*, vast processions of carts drawn by oxen, and files of elephants and camels passing along the dusty plains which were swept continually by blasts that whirled before them clouds of fine earth, brick-dust, and the powdered surface of the compounds.

REMAINS OF THE BUTCHERY.

"Before breakfast we walked over to inspect the site of the horrid butchery which has rendered the Sepoy mutiny infamous for ever. The house in which it took place is now in ruins; it was pulled down to clear the ground for the guns of the *tête de pont* across the Ganges, and the very outline of the walls is scarcely traceable. It was originally built for and used as a zenana, an inclosed residence, with a court-yard in the centre, in which the stump of a tree was still standing; and off this open space were the rooms in which the massacre took place. The plaster of the walls was still lying about in patches, but I could not detect any trace of blood. Bits of cloth and of women's dresses were still visible amidst the rubbish; but there were none of the more painful tokens of the dreadful tragedy which had been enacted where we stood. There is reason to believe that the writing on the plaster, the purport of which you know, did not exist when Havelock's force entered the place. I have spoken with officers who examined the walls, and every scratch in the sides of the rooms, and they declare that the appeal to vengeance, which is attributed to one of the wretched victims, was not to be seen immediately after we returned to Cawnpore, and that it had been traced on the wall by some person who visited the place subsequently.

THE WELL.

"We walked a few paces further to the well in rear of the house, into which the bodies of the slaughtered women and children were thrown by the murderers. It is now bricked over, and there only remains a small circular ridge of brick marking the wall of the well, which was not more than nine or ten feet across. Beneath rest the mangled remains of our poor countrywomen and their little ones, and standing there we could well realize the strength of that indignation which steels the hearts of our soldiers against the enemy. Within a few feet of 'the well,' surrounded by a small wooden paling, there stands a stone cross on a flat slab, on two courses of masonry, the inscription on which tells its story:

"'In memory of the women and children of Her Majesty's 32d Regiment, who were slaughtered near this spot on the 16th of July, A.D. 1857. This memorial was erected by twenty men of the same regiment, who were passing through Cawnpore, November 21st, 1857.'

"This inscription is engraved on the upright part of the slab, which is in the form of a Maltese cross, within a circle of stone. In the quadrants of this circle are inscribed, in red letters and in the old English character, 'I believe in the Resurrection of the Dead.'

HOW THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF LIVES.

"Certainly the Commander-in-Chief does not set an example to his officers by any extravagance in baggage. He lives in a small subaltern's tent, and his chief of the staff is equally moderate. I believe his Excellency's *personnel* is contained in a couple of small portmanteaus, and during this short campaign he has slept on the ground among his men on more than one occasion without cover of any sort. He is apparently in excellent health, although his labors are arduous and incessant, as he and his chief of the staff manage all the details connected with the disposition of his force, and to a great extent dispense with the usual services of Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General."

TRIAL OF THE KING OF DELHI.

The trial of the King of Delhi was not, as announced, concluded. The correspondent of the *Times* writes:

"The trial has now lasted fourteen days. The King, seated on a camp bed, listens to the most damning evidence without attention, but wakes occasionally into fierce excitement as a favorite approaches. I inclose a most singular and somewhat unexpected piece of evidence given by a Christian half-caste woman. It is fatal, and the trial, wretchedly reported, certainly proves three things: First, The revolt was instigated by the Shah of Persia, who promised money and troops. His proclamation to that effect was posted over the Mosque gate, and was taken down by order of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, who, moreover, was warned by John Everett, a Christian Rissildar, very popular with the natives, that he had been warned to fly, as the Persians were coming, and that the Mussulmans were exceedingly excited. Sir Theophilus thought the matter one of no importance. Second, A paper was produced, addressed to Mr. Colvin by Mohammed Dervish, revealing the whole plot six weeks before it broke out. Mr. Colvin treated the warning as unimportant, and never even reported it to Government. Third, The murders of the Europeans in Delhi were committed by order of the King, in the presence of the Royal family, and by means of the Khassburdars, his special personal guard."

CHINA.

THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

The special correspondent of the *Times* furnishes the following account of the execution-ground at Canton:

"Threading our way, under the guidance of some experienced friend, we come to a carpenter's shop fronting the entrance to a small potter's field. It is not a rood in area, of an irregular shape, resembling most an oblong. A row of cottages open into it on one side; there is a wall on the other. The ground is covered with half-baked pottery; there are two wooden crosses, formed of unbarked wood, standing on an angle, with a shred of rotting rope hanging from one of them. There is nothing to fix the attention in this small inclosure, except that you stumble against a human skull now and then as you walk along it. This is the Alcedama, the field of flood, the execution-ground of Canton. The upper part of that carpenter's shop is the place where nearly all the European residents have, at the price of a dollar each, witnessed the wholesale massacres of which Europe has heard with a hesitating skepticism. It was within this yard that that monster Yeh has, within two years, destroyed the life of 70,000 fellow-beings. These crosses are the instruments to which those victims were tied who were condemned to the special torture of being sliced to death. Upon one of these the wife of a rebel general was stretched, and, by Yeh's orders, her flesh was cut from her body. After the battle at Whampoa the rebel leader escaped, but his wife fell into the hands of Yeh—that was how he treated his prisoner. Her breasts were first cut off, then her forehead was slashed and the skin torn down over the face, then the fleshy parts of the body were sliced away. There are Englishmen yet alive who saw this done; but at what period of the butchery sensation ceased and death came to this poor innocent woman none can tell. The fragment of rope which now hangs to one of the crosses was used to bind a woman who was cut up for murdering her husband. The sickening details of the massacres perpetrated on this spot have been related to me by those who have seen them, and who take shame to themselves while they confess that, after witnessing one execution by cutting on the cross, the rapidity and dexterity with which the mere beheading was done deprived the execution of a hundred men of half its horror. The criminals were brought down in gangs, if they could walk, or brought down in chairs, and shot out into the yard. The executioners then arranged them in rows, giving them a blow behind which forced out the head and neck, and laid them convenient for the blow. Then came the warrant of death. It is a banner. As soon as it waved in sight, without verbal order given, the work began. There was a rapid succession of dull, crunching sounds—chop, chop, chop, chop. No second blow was ever dealt, for the dexterous man-slayers are educated to their work. Until they can with their heavy swords slice a great bulbous vegetable as thin as we slice a cucumber they are not eligible for their office. Three seconds a head suffice. In one minute five executioners clear off a hundred lives. It takes rather longer for the assistants to cram the bodies into rough coffins, especially as you might see them cramming two into one shell, that they might embezzle the spare wooden box. The heads were carried off in boxes; the saturated earth was of value as manure."

WHAT THE CANTON PRISONS ARE LIKE.

He adds: "I approach with reluctance the task of telling what we saw in these places, and shall dismiss the topic as briefly as I can. It is not, however, sufficient to say that all the inmates were squalid and half-starved, swarming with vermin and covered with skin diseases. This condition is common to all the Canton jails, and to all their inmates. But there are horrors which one mind can not convey to another, and such we saw again and again during those two days. A Chinese jail is a group of small yards inclosed by no general outer wall (except in one instance). Around this yard are dens like the dens in which we confine wild beasts. The bars are not of iron, but of double rows of very thick bamboo, so close together that the interior is too dark to be readily seen into from without. The ordinary prisoners are allowed to remain in the yard during the day. Their ankles are fettered together by heavy rings of iron and a short chain, and they generally also wear similar fetters on their wrists. The low-roofed dens are so easily climbed that when the prisoners are let out into the yard the jailers must trust to their fetters alone for security. The places all stank like the monkey-house of a menagerie. We were examining one of the yards of the second prison, and Lord Elgin, who is seldom absent when any work is doing, was one of the spectators. As it was broad daylight the dens were supposed to be empty. Some one thought he heard a low moan in one of them, and advanced to the bars to listen. He recoiled as if a blast from a furnace had rushed out upon him. Never were human senses assailed by a more horrible stream of pestilence. The jailers were ordered to open that place, and refusing, as a Chinaman always at first refuses, were given over to the rough handling of the soldiers, who were told to make them. No sooner were hands laid upon the jailers than the stifled moan became a wail, and the wail became a concourse of low, weakly-muttered groans. So soon as the double doors could be opened several of us went into the place. The thick stench could only be endured for a moment, but the spectacle was not one to look long at. A corpse lay at the bottom of the den, the breasts, the only fleshy parts, gnawed and eaten away by rats. Around it and upon it was a festering mass of humanity still alive.

MISERABLE APPEARANCE OF THE PRISONERS.

"The Mandarin jailer, who seemed to wonder what all the excitement was about, was compelled to have the poor creatures drawn forth, and no man who saw that sight will ever forget it. They were skeletons, not men. You could only believe that there was blood in their bodies by seeing it clotted upon their undressed wounds. As they were borne out, one after the other, and laid upon the pavement of the yard, each seemed more horrible than the last. They were too far gone to shriek, although the agony must have been great, the heavy irons pressing upon their raw, lank shins, as the jailers lugged them not too tenderly along. They had been beaten into this state, perhaps long ago, by the heavy bamboo, and had been thrown into this den to rot. Their crime was that they had attempted to escape. Hideous and loathsome, however, as was the sight of their foul wounds, their filthy rags, and their emaciated bodies, it was not so distressing as the indescribable expression of their eyes; the horror of that look of fierce agony fixed us like a fascination. As the dislocated wretches writhed upon the ground, tears rolled down the cheeks of the soldiers of the escort, who stood in rank near them. A gigantic French sergeant, who had the little Mandarin in custody, gesticulated with his bayonet so fiercely that we were afraid he would kill him. We did not then know that the single word which the poor creatures were trying to utter was 'hunger,' or that that dreadful starting of the eyeball was the look of famine. Some of them had been without food for four days. Water they had, for there is a well in the yard, and their fellow-prisoners had supplied them, but cries for food were answered only by the bamboo. Alas! it was not till the next morning that we found this out; for although we took some away, we left others there that night. Since the commencement of this year fifteen men have died in that cell.

CHILDREN CRIPPLED FOR LIFE.

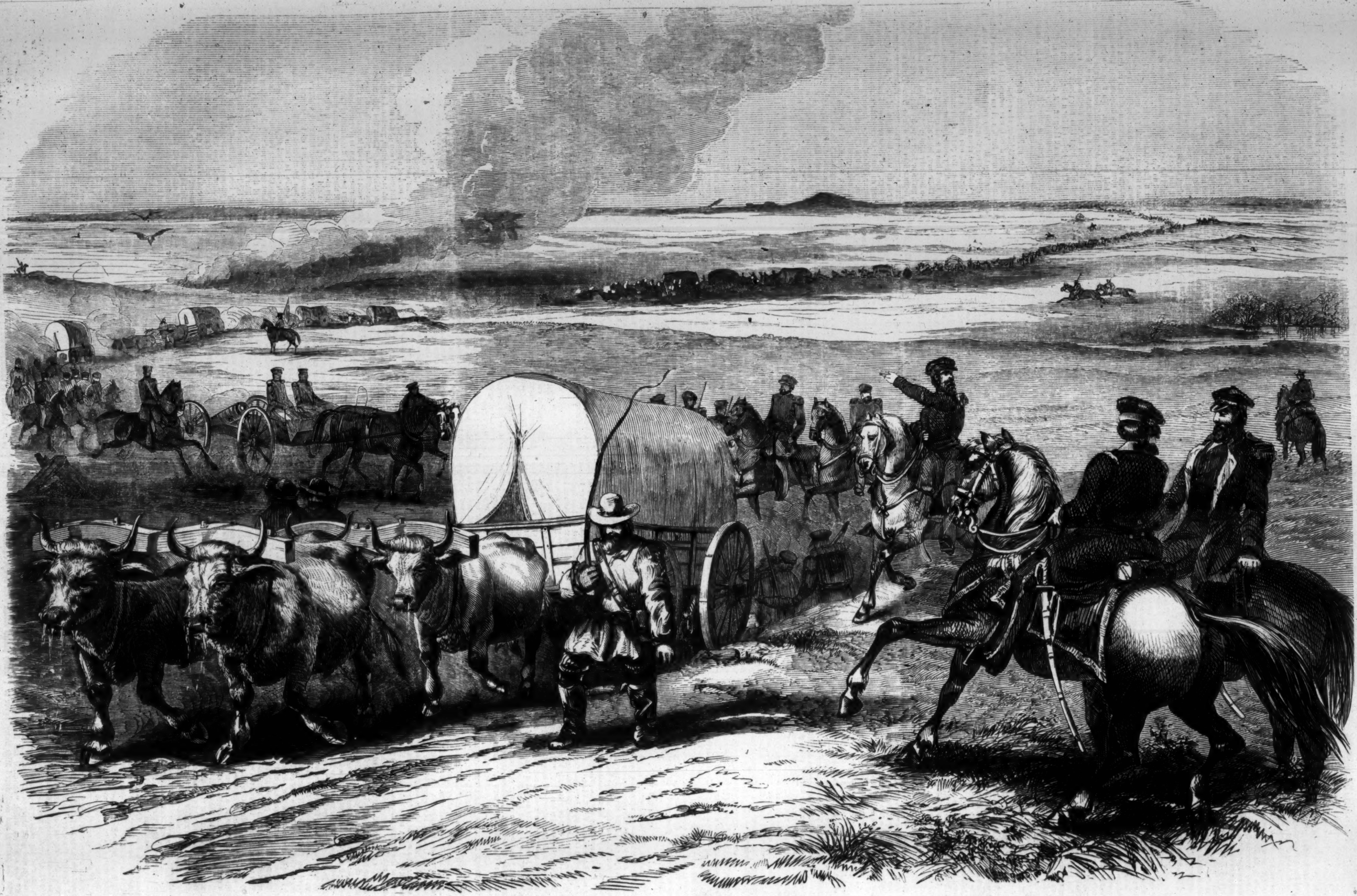
"This was the worst of the dens we opened, but there were many others which fell but few degrees below it in their horrors. There was not one of the 6000 prisoners we saw whose appearance before any assemblage of Englishmen would not have aroused cries of indignation. '*Quelle société*,' exclaimed Captain Martineau as, in the first yard we visited, he saw a little boy confined here because he was the son of a rebel, '*Quelle société pour un enfant de quatorze ans!*' Alas! we saw many, many such cases in our after experience. In one of the dens of the Poon-yu, the door of which was open, some one pointed attention to a very child—rather an intelligent-looking child—who was squat upon a board and laughing at the novel scene taking place before him. We beckoned to him, but he did not come. We went up to him and found he could not move. His little legs were ironed together; they had been so for several months, and were now paralyzed and useless. This child of ten years of age had been placed here, charged with stealing from other children. We took him away.

THE PRISON FOR FOREIGNERS.

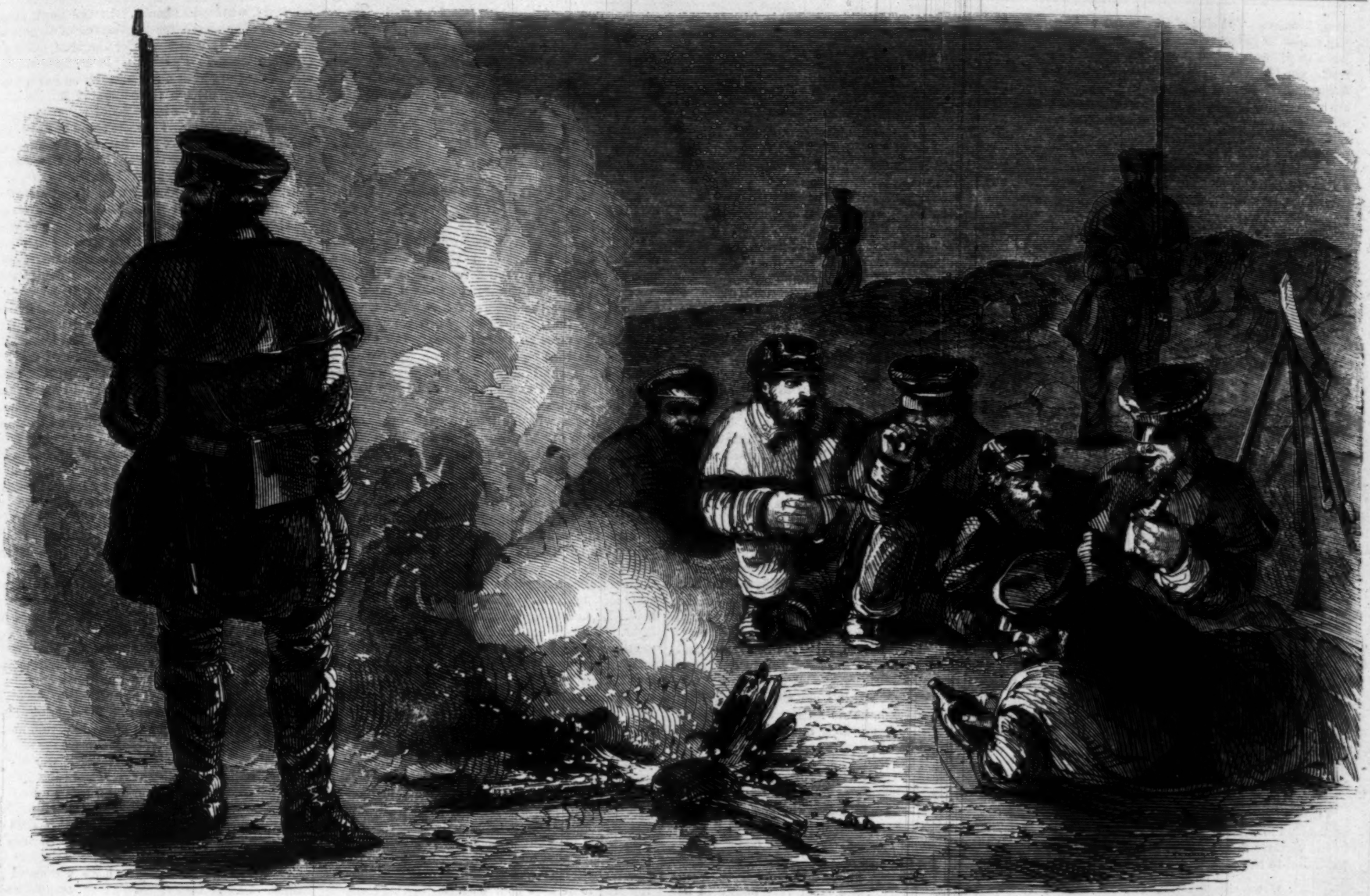
"It was not until our second day's search that we were able to discover the prison in which Europeans had been confined. Threats and a night in the guard-house at last forced the discovery from the Mandarin, or jail-inspector, in our custody. It consists of four rooms, each containing four dens. The hardest and most malignant face I ever saw is that of the chief jailer of this prison. The prisoners could not be brought to look upon him, and when he was present could not be induced to say that he was a jailer at all, or that they had ever seen him before. But when he was removed they always reiterated their first story, 'The other jailers only starve and ill-treat us, but that man eats our flesh.' How, step by step, we followed up our inquiries, and how we cast about hither and thither for a clew, and at last found one, which was often lost and refound, would be too long to tell. Mr. Parkes conducted this business with a vigor and intelligence that can not be overestimated. At first they had never heard of a foreigner, then a heavy box on the ears, administered by one of the orderlies, in punishment for a threat to a prisoner, produced a recollection of one European prisoner. Then the jailers were roughly handled in sight of the prisoners, and together with the Mandarin were taken out in custody of the soldiers. Gradually the prisoners began to give credence to what we said, that we were now the Mandarins of Canton, and could protect them if they spoke out. One produced a monkey-jacket from his sleeping place at the back of the den; another had an old jersey; all of them soon had stories to tell. It appears quite certain that, within a period dating from the commencement of the present troubles, six Europeans, two Frenchmen and four Englishmen, have found their death in these dreadful dens. Many different prisoners, examined separately, deposed to this fact, and almost to the same details. The European victims were kept here for several months, herding with the Chinese, eating of that same black mess of rice which looks and smells like a bucket of grains cast forth from a brewery. When their time came—probably the time necessary for a reply from Pekin—the jailer held their heads back while poison was poured down their throats. The prisoners recollected two who threw up the poison, and they were strangled. We asked how they knew it was poison. There was no doubt on this score. It is a curious circumstance, illustrative of the prostrate state of terror that exists here, that the jailer's fowls scratch about untouched among all the famishing men within the Canton prisons, and feed upon the vermin. It was remarked that the fowls fed upon the vomit of those two Europeans, and died."

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

He adds: "I have great reason to believe that the overtures made by Lord Elgin and Baron Gros were at once frankly and cordially accepted by the representatives both of America and Russia, and that every act yet done by the belligerent allies is now adopted and approved by the two hitherto neutral Powers. I believe it has been agreed between the Four Powers that they shall proceed in the first instance to Shanghai, and there, if possible, make one general treaty. If the Court of Pekin should remain unimpressed by the union of the four first-class Powers of the world, reinforcements are coming out. Russia will not be long represented by a single ship; America is sending; France has vessels on their way; and England, if she is to keep the lead which she has so worthily assumed, and hitherto so wisely maintained, will also strengthen her force. It is, however, to be hoped that no further act of conquest will be required."



AN ARMY TRAIN CROSSING THE PLAINS.

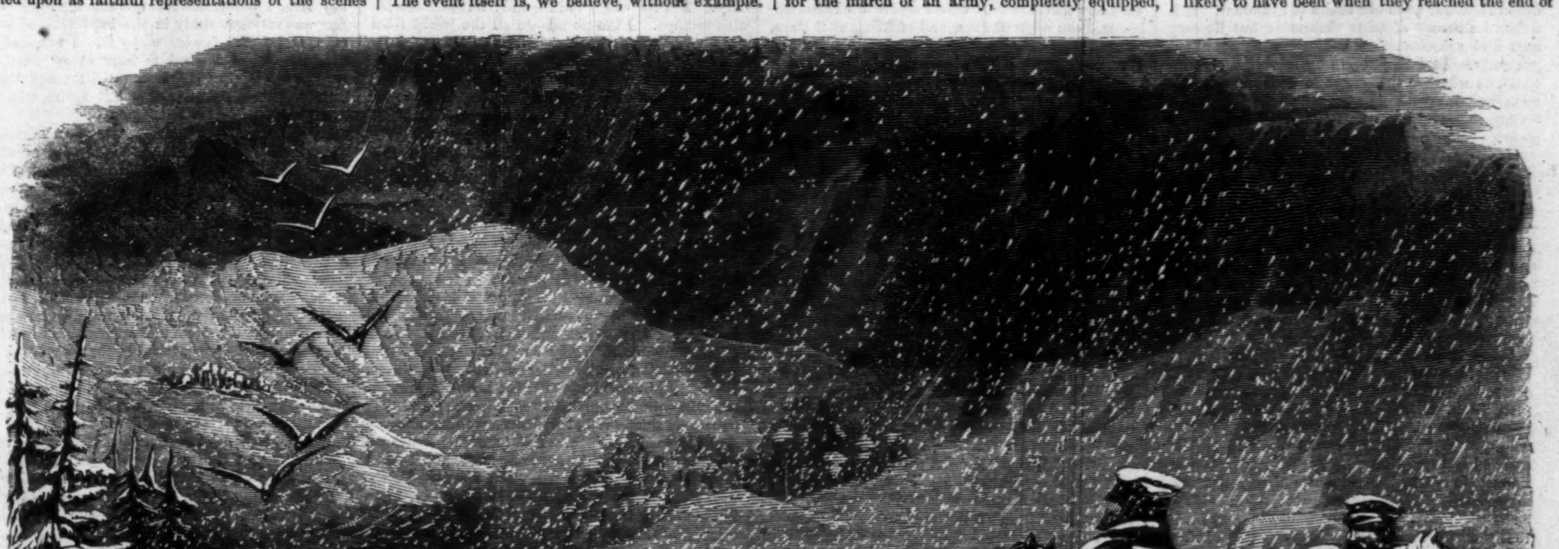


THE BIVOUAC.

THE WAR IN UTAH.

The pictures which are herewith presented illustrate some of the most striking scenes of the experience of our army in Utah. They may be relied upon as faithful representations of the scenes they purport to depict; of their artistic merit it is unnecessary to say any thing. We doubt whether any newspaper has ever contained finer woodcuts.

The large picture illustrates the march of one of the great army trains across the prairie wilderness. The event itself is, we believe, without example. We read in the history of Russia of immense journeys across the steppes being undertaken at various times by enterprising generals. One or two other instances of long marches by armies across deserts are on record. But if there be a precedent for the march of an army, completely equipped, and provided with the multifarious and cumbrous appliances of modern warfare, crossing a desert of one thousand miles in extent, we do not recall it. In the foreground will be seen a bullock-wagon, with the animals in better condition than they are likely to have been when they reached the end of



THE MARCH ACROSS THE PLAINS IN A SNOW-STORM.

their journey. The size of the wagon will enable the reader to judge of the labor which they will have to perform before they earn a few days of rest. On the other side, a couple of officers are discussing the road to be pursued. Mounted men are seen galloping out of the line of march, here and there, to race their horses, or to observe some unusual phenomenon on the prairie. The train itself, several miles long, may be traced like a river undulating through the plain until it loses itself under the horizon, or is concealed from view by the smoke of the fire at which a portion of the last breakfast was cooked.

The other two pictures illustrate passages in a letter from General Johnston describing his march to Camp Scott. In that letter he said:

"On the 6th of November the march was resumed, and then commenced the storm of snow, and wintry cold, racking the bones of our men and starving our oxen, and mules, and horses, already half starved. They died on the road and at our camps by hundreds, and so diminished were their numbers that from camp to camp, only four or five miles, as many days were required to bring them all up, as it was necessary to give time to rest the animals, now incapable of protracted efforts, and to hunt for food. In this way fifteen days were consumed in making thirty-five miles to this place, the nearest and best place of shelter and fuel for the troops, and for shelter and grass for the animals. The struggle, then, amidst snow and Arctic cold (the thermometer at sixteen below zero), was for a place of safety. If any doubt existed before this storm of the propriety of risking the troops on the mountains before us before spring, or of the ability to accomplish the march, the destruction among our draught animals, the necessity of saving all the oxen left for food, even if capable of further exertion, now dispelled that doubt and solved the question."

The other picture illustrates the night-service of the scouts. General Johnston says of them:

"The winter thus far has not been so rigorous as to prevent often the daily instruction of the troops. They have proved themselves to be hardy enough for any service, a few only—as many as thirty or less—have been frost-bitten; but now our scouts bivouac, when necessary, in the passes without suffering."

These pictures will, we think, give the public a better idea of what is going on at Camp Scott and in the vicinity than all the letters which are being published in the papers.

TEN MINUTES IN A FYKE FENCE.

I AM not a literary man. If such were my vocation I should have called this homely story by some other name. I am simply a country attorney, and writing a little reminiscence of the past in as truthful a way as possible. I shall pursue it without an apology for my want of mechanical construction, or even my faults of grammar. It is a favorite theory of mine that none but literary men and schoolmasters know any thing about grammar. In fact, judging by myself, I sincerely doubt whether the power to define a common noun remains with us after our school-days. I believe, however, that this is not coming to my story.

It is a great many years ago—how many I am not prepared to say; but if I may judge by my wife's assiduity in searching out the gray hairs on my thinly-clad skull, it must be a considerable number. I was a lad of fourteen, possessing all the attributes that lads of that age are generally supposed to possess; the most prominent of them being a certain omnipresence, by which I became the general supervisor over every affair, both public and private, that transpired in the village that had the honor at that time of claiming me as a dweller.

I come of a very respectable family; my father—I just remember that this has no connection with my story, and is not, therefore, evidence. Well, then, I had several sisters—in fact, I have at the present time; and it may be interesting to those who read this to know that they are all still unmarried and last remarkably well. It is scarcely a week since I had the pleasure of complimenting my eldest, Harrie (short for Harriet), on this fact, and urging on the attention of my younger, Lizzie, that she looked even better than twenty years ago. My sisters had a friend—Carrie Huton was her name. She was a remarkably fine girl. I remember she had exquisite teeth, and, being of a more than ordinarily jolly disposition, there was no lack on her part of opportunity for displaying them. She also had very fine eyes—grayish hazel, if my memory serves me. Carrie was very fond of fun; took considerable pleasure in seeing us boys play base ball; and I must confess it always seemed to me that her enthusiasm would have led her to take a hand if she had been invited. However, I never asked her, for somehow, if she did any thing in my line, she always did it so much better than myself that I was nobody. We had a very pretty little sorrel mare, wicked as the ——; no one dared mount her but myself. But when Carrie Huton came, "a long farewell to all my greatness." She not only conquered the mare, but, in a week after her arrival, the beast would come at her call, and no matter how far she would fling her riding-whip, rush after and bring it to her, like a dog. I rather liked the girl; but I must admit that I was jealous in a slight degree. The truth was, I did not like to play second fiddle to a woman, and she only three years older than myself.

And now I think it all over, she was a kind of general favorite. My quiet mother looked rather astonished the first time the young lady mounted a cherry-tree to show us boys how to pick with both hands; still she affirmed that Miss Huton was a very lady-like girl. I remember that my sister Harrie was considerably amazed when Miss Huton proffered her assistance to lift a basket of shad to the shoulder of an old fisherman on the beach below the house. Very funny that was, too: the old man, in the excess of his admiration, set the basket down again to bless his new-made friend; and having no other means handy by which he could show it, proffered for her acceptance the finest shad in his basket. And what was funnier still, she took it; and removing from her finger a little plain ring, squeezed it on to the tip of the old shad man's. All this struck me at the time as being remarkably comic; perhaps I do not think so now. But I remember cogitating that night after going to bed on the probability of the old fisherman's coming round to the house in the morning, proposing for Miss Huton in due form, and declaring himself a nobleman in disguise, living in seclusion in this country for the purpose of wearing out his old clothes. I also remember dreaming that night of being present at their bridal, and seeing the lady put the ring on his finger—he being clad in full ducal robes.

I think I said every body liked Miss Huton. I merely re-mention the fact to say that, according to my estimation of the thing, all their likings compressed into one great love could not half equal that which was bestowed upon her by my cousin Phil Burdett. Phil was a true man. He was a little too scholarly in those days to suit me, but I have arrived since at a better estimation of his character. He was all things to all men, but only in a way to excite admiration. Did a farmer's cow go dry, or his horse lame? Phil always could give a remedy. Did a love affair go wrong? Phil was the mediator that never failed. He was like a business man who performs miracles as a clerk, but is utterly lost when attempting business for himself. He did not disdain to show the boys how to build kites on scientific principles; to construct a cornstalk fiddle; to mend a broken doll; write a prologue, in verse, for a school examination. But equally as well he could modestly discuss with the *savans* who, in the summer season, made our village a resting-place, the more abstruse points of combinations and attractions, relations of matter, and such other little affairs as *savans* generally love to talk about.

I do not know whether I am writing nonsense; but if so, I shall make no farther apology than I made at first. Every body knows what I mean; and that, I take it, is quite enough.

Phil loved Carrie Huton—there was no mistaking that fact. If nobody else knew it, I did. It was impossible for me to shut my eyes to it. I could not go down to fish without finding them sitting by the shore, just in the very spot I wanted to be. Once I remarked that she had been crying. They got up and moved away as I came down the hill. Miss Huton became more quiet about this time. She did not seem very happy in her love. For my own opinion in the matter, I cared more for Phil than for her. I had often heard the declaration from her lips that she must marry a rich man, or she could not be happy. Now I knew Phil was not a rich man; so that I could see farther into the matter than he. Were I an artist I would paint my own idea of Love. Instead of making him a chubby little boy, wandering about with bow and arrows, I would create a helpless imbecile, born without eyes, and seeking, as it were, every dangerous spot that, by the common laws of chance, it ought to have escaped.

I do not wish to convey the idea that Miss Huton was heartless, and a female fortune-hunter. I believe I can show that there was some excuse for an assertion of this kind with her. She had been bred in the highest circle of aristocratic helplessness. Her father, the head of a very heavy shipping house, was supposed to be a man of enormous wealth. She was no boarding-school *débutante;* her education had been acquired at home under the most approved systems and masters. And, as an only child, it had been a matter of continual tuition that she should understand her own value, and feel that money was an imperative necessity to life, and that all her acquisitions and accomplishments, her physical and mental advantages, were intended to shine, and dazzle society in its most exalted quarters. The death of her father a year before the date of my story, and the discovery that the old gentleman had been quietly living up to all his income, did not alter her views, and Carrie Huton and her mother, living modestly on their twelve hundred per annum, were more thoroughly set in their matrimonial aspirations than when the acknowledged leaders of ton, and the supposed heiress the greatest catch in the city.

I can not say that I altogether disagree with this view of the case. She would have made a queer wife for a poor man. She was well up in her Italian; but that would have been a poor substitute for utter ignorance of the accomplishment of darning. Her music was faultless; her rendering of "Il Segreto" showed her, as the newspaper critics say, to possess a contralto organ of superior quality; but then she did not know any thing about bread-making, and as to that girl's ignorance of cooking, it was perfectly laughable. To be sure, no woman that I have ever seen before or since could handle a pair of horses as Carrie Huton did; but to have turned that to practical account, she must have married an omnibus-driver or a horse-dealer.

I shall not enlarge any more on this subject. It is sufficient to say that I knew well that, notwithstanding all the serious flirtation that was going on between this pair, it would never amount to any thing; or rather, that it would amount to something serious if not soon stopped. I gave my views to Phil in my own way, and I expect it was rather a queer way, too; he looked at me for a few minutes, astonished, and then, as though the matter struck him in a very ridiculous light, burst into (for him) quite a loud laugh, and patronizingly chucked me under the chin. I remember I was not much pleased, and did not again proffer my advice.

It was a nice night in the last of June. I had just got myself into a scrape in the house for throwing dirty water over my sister's freshly done up laces, and was airing my reputation and my person by lying on my back under a tree in the orchard. I heard voices, and, looking up, saw two figures approaching. Not knowing to a certainty whether they were friends or foes, I lay still. They came toward the very tree under which I had taken quarters, and in a few moments were standing on the opposite side. It was Carrie Huton and Phil Burdett. I did not consider it entirely in the line of my duty to make myself known; in truth, I dare say I lay as still as possible—so still that I could hear her sob, as though she had just got over what women call "having a good cry." It was Phil's voice I heard first. He said,

"Oh, Carrie, why do you act so? You tell me you love me, and yet hint at some dark objection that must separate us. If you love me, you will give me your confidence."

"Mr. Burdett, I have confessed to your ardor, to-night, what I thought I should be guarded enough to keep to myself forever, that I do love you; but to me you could have been nothing but a friend. After the events of this night we can not even be that, and meet; when we part, we must part to meet no more forever. I have told you there is that between us which can never be removed. I shall bear your memory with me through life, but I can not be more to you than a memory—no more."

"Miss Huton, will you listen to me?"—and I could see him catch her hand convulsively. "Without you I am lost. I have never before wound my heart about any thing human. I have never known a mother's or a sister's love. I have never loved any thing in my life until I loved you. I can toil for you; I can go into the world and beat against it; I can live for you alone; I can wait for you, let it be years, centuries. Give me hope, or I die!"

How grand he looked!—his fine form against the clear sky, his head slightly bent over the hand he held. I could see his black eye flashing in the moonlight. I could see his lips close, as though the mouth were sealed after the last word, and he stood waiting permission to live or die. There was perfect silence for some minutes. Nothing but her sobs. In a moment her hand was withdrawn from his. It was the sentence; it needed not the words that followed.

"Mr. Burdett, let us not meet after to-night. To-morrow I leave this place to return no more. Let us think of each other only as a dream—our walks in life will be different. You have told me that you intend to find a way to fame and wealth in the Far West. If I hear of you, I shall thrill with pleasure at your advancement. If I do not, I shall still believe that you are happy; but I can give you no better proof of my love and esteem than by refusing to become your wife."

The wretch—how I hated her at that moment! What would I have given that Phil should have known her as well as I did! Before I could resolve this in my mind he was on his knees before her. Then how I hated him!

"Miss Huton—Carrie—love—hear me, see me! I am humble; I will crawl; I am at your feet; I am suing for more than life; I am asking for eternity. Bid me wait; bid me toil; but oh! tell me also to hope. I am proud—to all the world I am proud—but to you I will be but as an atom of dust. Do not crush me forever."

And then she sobbed aloud. I felt as if I wanted to get on my feet, and tell her she ought to be ashamed; but I knew it would do no good. I knew well how it would all end. Now she spoke:

"Mr. Burdett, rise, Sir, rise; do not humble yourself before me, a poor girl. Think if any one should see or hear you, Sir. Spare me this. If you love me, Sir, as dearly as you say, leave me and prove it by not attempting to see me again." (Sentence of death.) "Leave me here."

He rose; I could see the flushed color go from his face as he looked steadily in hers. I could see his hands clench, and the light go out of his eyes. I could see the sentence carried into effect, and could have risen to my feet and uttered with all my heart, "God have mercy on your soul!" There was no mistaking the pallor of that countenance. No moonlight could produce that look. I think he stood in this way perhaps ten minutes; and then he turned slowly round without a word, and strode away toward the road. I watched his figure till it grew so dim I could see it no more, and I think Miss Huton watched it too. She stood under the tree a long time; how long I can not say, but I know I wished her gone that I might leave. She cried, and sobbed, and occasionally I could hear a sort of smothered oh! but I did not care much for her feelings; my sympathies had all gone off with that figure in the moonlight.

The next morning at breakfast I watched the countenance of Miss Huton attentively, as she announced to my sisters her intention of returning to New York that afternoon. She did not look at them. The only look she cast from her plate was at me, directly in my eyes. What she thought I could not divine. That her instincts told her I knew more than all the rest, I was sure. My sisters could not but know there was something wrong. Yet they failed to see any thing more than a lovers' quarrel, that should be healed on the next meeting. Toward the conclusion of the meal Miss Huton spoke to me for the first time, and proposed a ride, the last she said we would have for a long time, perhaps forever. Something peculiar in her manner of address made my guilty mind suggest that she was conscious I had overheard the interview of the previous evening, and the ride was a cloak for an opportunity to entreat my secrecy, or enter into some justification of her course. It was not exactly to my taste. Had I been six years older, and she remained the same age as at that time, Miss Huton was just the style of girl I should have delighted to have got up a flirtation with, and broken my heart for at sight; but at fourteen, a boy's taste in women is fastidious, and nothing would strike him more harshly, next to her looking upon him as too young for her notice, than her being mercenary in any affair of love or matrimony. I was therefore rather inclined to temporize, by pleading an engagement for a boating party; and finding this overruled, I stipulated that I should be the rider of Fanny, the sorrel mare, while she should take the next choice. This being arranged, the next matter of dispute was the course—my desire was for the road, Miss Huton's the woods. I yielded. In an hour we were off. It required but a few minutes on our route to show me the motive that dictated it. She suspected me of a knowledge I did not possess, and desired to sound me. How she could have so much lacked an estimation of his character I can not tell, but it was clear to me that she thought I possessed Phil Burdett's confidence. What folly, a boy of fourteen the confidant of a man in a love affair! All the skill and all the diplomacy of a woman was brought to bear upon me; but I flatter myself that the same point of character that has since served me so well in my profession was then in force. I was close as the grave. I denied every thing, and insisted upon proof.

I was glad, coming back, that I had stipulated to ride Fanny. I am sure if Miss Huton had ridden her she would never have reached home alive. It would have been a battle for life and death between them. The gray bore her whipping nobly, and cut as few gyrations as a staid old horse should cut; but still it must have been very trying to his feelings. It required all my skill—and I am not a bad horseman—to keep Fanny from going frantic from sympathy. When we reached the house Miss Huton had lashed the gray into a foam, and herself into a high flush, and a very irritable state of mind. We arrived just in time to meet at the gate two brothers, old and particular friends of the family, and likewise friends of Miss Huton's, English *gentlemen*, who had been educated in a German University. Doctors John and William Tobin, old enough, and poor enough, to be out of the range of matrimonial chances; and young enough, and rich enough, to be pleasant fellows and good companions. Welcome always, and welcome every where, the joy of their coming made the departure of Miss Huton, in the eyes of my sisters, a thing doubly to be deplored. "She must stay." All joined in that prayer. I say all; I do not include myself. I was only a boy. My opinion did not amount to much; and yet my vanity told me that Miss Huton would have cared more for my voice in the matter than all the rest. It was compromised finally by a consent to remain until the following day, when Doctor John was to escort her to the city. That night was appointed for a moonlight excursion. The echoes of the Palisades were to be awakened. Carrie Huton was to sing "In the days when we went gipsying" for the last time, and altogether we were to have a general jolly time. I knew better. Not a word was said about Phil's going. Once or twice I felt I could be spiteful enough to insist that he should be invited. But as my sisters said nothing, I thought my better course was silence. Carrie brightened up under the sallies of the brothers, and toward afternoon was deep in a chess flirtation with Doctor John. I hovered about her with a deep interest. I knew my presence had become unpleasant to her. So, boy like, I determined to give her plenty of it. She was my first study in the intricacies of a woman, and I was fascinated by it. I watched her every look. I wished to hear every word she spoke. I weighed it and counted it; and then I sent my heart off after that tall figure, dim and distant, in the moonlight.

Night came, soft and summery—an occasional moon and occasional cloud. When the moon did show, the water was beautiful; just enough of wind to make a wave that might be tipped with silver and ridden by an imaginary sprite. A spectre-like steamboat crept up the opposite side, and the white sails of the sloops, like ghosts, flitted on their silent way. A bugle sounded from the deck of one, and the "*Ai-e-oh!*" of the shad-fishermen, echoed and answered from boat to boat, contributed to give the river a solemn and quiet appearance, such as it seldom bore. There is something, to me, mournfully beautiful in that cry of the fishermen, lifting their nets, on a fine night on the Hudson. Away off, like a speck, lies the little boat; the light at her bow swaying with the rising or falling wave; the modulated and musical call, peculiar to shad-fishermen since shad were first invented, comes ringing over the waters; it strikes the shore, and, with a hundred echoes, it flies back to the dancing lights on the river; it is caught in another voice, and so it passes from boat to boat, from voice to voice, up the river and down, from Zuyder Zee to the Narrows. There is poetry in it.

The boat is ready; but, somehow, we did not seem as merry a party as should be; there is a chill, which has even communicated itself to the Doctors. Miss Huton has her guitar; Doctor William made a faint effort, coming down hill, to troll out an old Burschen song—a memory of the German school-days; Miss Huton touches the guitar, in response, for accompaniment, but it seemed rather mechanical; no matter, the water will set all right. There is something in the movement of a boat upon the water provocative of music, and no time so suitable or beautiful for the human voice as moonlight, and the water. We pulled pleasantly away from the shore; the fishermen were coming in, singing, laughing, and shouting; we shot into the stream, the tide was flood, and as we were to go up, the farther we got into the stream the easier would be our task. We sang "Row, brothers, row;" we sang "Oft in the stilly night;" and we shipped our oars and swept idly up with the tide, dipping our hands in the warm and sparkling water as it murmured by the boat. Is there any wonder that the poetic world should agree that the true *dolce far niente* is floating idly in a boat, on a summer sea? That delightful feeling of laziness, that can reach you nowhere else; that coolness that rises from water in the night, though there be not a breath stirring elsewhere; the careless posture; the hand laving in the liquid silver; the hum of the insects on shore; the phosphorescent sparkle of the wave; the delicious dreaminess; all combine to make the perfection of abandonment.

The spirits of our little party had become somewhat elevated by a duet of the Doctors', in which the mishaps of a student in his love-making were related with comic force. Miss Huton was in the middle of "I can not dance to-night:"

"I am not weary, let me stay,
I hear his laugh distinctly now,
He bends his steps this way—"

when suddenly our boat brought up full against a "Fyke fence." To the uninitiated I would describe a fyke fence as a string of twigs, of a heavy growth, made like the panels of a fence and fastened to poles driven into the mud. An opening is left in the centre of this contrivance, to which a circular net is affixed, so that all fish coming with the tide, finding a barrier before their further progress up or down the river, turn aside, and pass into this inevitable net.

The moon being under a cloud kept us from seeing the obstruction until we were entangled in its meshes. The song was stopped, the oars in hand, and each pushing lustily to clear our craft from her troublesome embrace. We had swung her about three feet from the fence, when something that seemed to have become disengaged from the twigs rolled up between it and the boat and floated to the surface. As though with one accord we ceased all effort. The Doctors kept their oars resting upon the fence. There was a perfect hush. I touched the object with my oar; it rolled over. Doctor John said to his brother in German, "Ist das nicht ein todter man?" He thought by speaking in that language to conceal his suspicions from the ladies. The sound was so similar to the English that the fact was known in a moment. The moon burst from under a cloud, and the body of Phil Burdett lay by the side of our boat.

My story is told. How we got home that night I can hardly remember. The body was towed after the boat. Miss Huton lay in a dead swoon in my sister's arms. The next day a carriage was sent and she was conveyed to her mother's house. I heard of her occasionally through my sisters; they did not seem to think her altogether sound in mind. She cried continually; they thought she had never recovered from the shock of Phil Burdett's death, and the manner in which it had come to her. None knew what I knew, and I told none. And now that my story is told, shall I give my reasons for telling it?

A few days ago, while on a visit to Philadelphia, I made one of a party to visit —— Asylum. We saw all the lions, and as we were about leaving, a woman, leaning in the corner of a room, her face to the wall, attracted my attention. Her hair was long and gray, almost white. The keeper, seeing I stopped to look at her, came up—"A very singular case, Sir," he said; "been here fifteen years; no sooner out of her bed in the morning than she takes her stand in that corner, with her face to the wall, as you see her now. There she stands until taken out and put to bed like a child. You see she has worn quite a place in the wall, Sir, and all the hair off the front of her head. She never speaks, Sir; quite a remarkable case."

"What is her name?" I asked.

"Caroline Huton, Sir, of New York."

AN OLD MAID'S RETROSPECTIONS.

I look into the dreamy past, and see—what do I see?
They look like visions now, but *then* how real were they to me!
I see my girlhood full of hope, my lover true and brave;
In fancy still I hear his vow, as a pledge of truth he gave.
It was a ring: he smiling said, "'Twill serve to guard the space
Upon thy finger, till I put another in its place."
That first love-gift, see, here it is—oh, what a slender band,
Though tethered by a golden chain to this poor withered hand.

And it was in that girlish time when I perchance might see
A youthful mother's glance of pride at the babe upon her knee,
I envied her that happiness, and oh, my heart beat wild
That I might one day be the matron mother of *his* child.
'Twas woman's nature in me spoke; but scarcely had the thought
Been formed, ere maiden pride and shame, a mingled color brought.
Vain was the guiltless blush, for though these hopes of mine might seem
So near fulfillment then, alas! they proved indeed a dream.

Too poor to wed, my lover true left his own native strand,
Thinking to win a home for me in a far-distant land.
Years passed: he wrote that silver threads were mingling with his hair.
They were in mine—those fruits from seed sown by the hand of Care.
Now, whiter than the snow-clad hill, or foam that crests the wave,
Are my thin locks; his weary head rests in a foreign grave.
Ay, maidens, you may sigh; God grant that happier be *your* lot;
For me, no power could make me wish this true-love dream forgot.

But after all my pains, my fears, my visions of the past,
One ever-present hope of mine will be fulfilled at last;
And I am happy, for I know my bridal draweth nigh—
A union, purer, holier far, in realms beyond the sky.
In every dream by night and day I hear again *his* voice;
I fancy that he beckons me, and calls me to rejoice;
That, when my eyes to earth are closed, my truly-loved will be
The first by the Eternal sent to meet and welcome me.

Miscellany.

—Very strange, and almost paradoxical, is the capability nearly every substance has of assuming, under certain conditions, certain changes which entirely alter its aspect, and to great extent change its uses and effects. Especially is this so with

Food.

"The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent, called theine—to which tea owes its qualities—may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea) without any appreciable effect. The water which will allay our burning thirst, augments it when congealed into snow; so that Captain Ross declares the natives of the Arctic regions 'prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow.' Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water; and it must be melted in the mouth. Nevertheless, although, if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water, when melted *in* the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst."

—The profoundest differences in effect may, and do, result from simple differences in the

State of Substances.

"The water which drowns us as a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which, when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallized part of the oil of roses, so grateful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets."

—Again, as to the uses of substances which serve as food: to the chemist, who resolves all things into their constituent elements, there may seem little or no difference between

Plant and Flesh,

as food; to the physiologist, the difference is profound.

"He sees the lion perishing miserably of inanition in presence of abundant herbage, which to the elephant or buffalo furnishes all that is needful. The ox eats the grass, and the tiger eats the ox, but will not touch the grass. The flesh of the ox may contain little that is not wholly derived from the grass; and the chemist analyzing the flesh of both may point out their identity; but the question of Food is not, 'What are the chemical constituents of different substances?' but, 'What are the substances which will nourish the organism?' If the animal will not eat, or, having eaten, can not assimilate, a certain substance, that substance is no food for it, be its chemical composition what it may. It is a curious fact that the flesh-eating animals subsist chiefly, sometimes exclusively, on the herbivorous, each class refusing that which most resembles its own. We thus see that *digestibility* is an important element in the estimate of food: unless the substance can be digested, it can not be assimilated, can not nourish; although, perhaps, *if* assimilated, the substance might have a high value. A pound of beef-steak contains an enormous superiority of tissue-making substance over that contained in a pound of cabbage; yet to the rabbit the cabbage is the superior food, while to the dog the cabbage is no food at all."

—When science has established laws as to the relative value of each substance as food, there will then remain considerable difficulty in applying these laws, owing to the peculiar differences of the vital organism, which are so great and so numerous as to justify the adage that

One Man's Meat is another's Poison.

"Thus, while experience plainly enough indicates that, in Europe and America at least, meat is more nutritious than vegetables, those who eat largely of meat being stronger and more enduring than those who eat little or none, we must be cautious in the application of such a principle. Difference of climate may, and difference of temperament certainly does, modify this question. The Hindoo Sepoy, who lives on rice, would, it is said, outrun, knock down, or in any other way prove superiority in strength over the Gaucho of the Pampas, who lives on flesh. And not only are some organisms ill adapted to a flesh diet, as we have seen, but, according to Andersson, the strongest man he ever knew scarcely ever touched animal food. This was a Dane, who could walk from spot to spot carrying a stone which was so heavy that it required ten men to lift it on his shoulders; his chief diet was gallons of thick sour milk, tea, and coffee—a diet which no ordinary man could support with success."

Milk

has been taken as the standard of food, because it is itself an aliment which contains all the substances necessary for the nourishment of an organism during the most rapid period of growth.

"Out of milk, and milk alone, the young elephant, the young lion, or the young child, extracts the various substances which furnish muscles, nerves, bones, hair, claws, etc.; milk furnishes these in such abundance that the increase of growth is far greater during the period when the animal is fed exclusively on it than at any subsequent period of its career. 'In milk,' says Prout, 'we should expect to find a model of what an alimentary substance ought to be—a kind of prototype, as it were, of nutritious elements in general.' The idea is so plausible that its acceptance was general. Nevertheless, nothing is more certain than that milk is not this model food, since, however it may suit the young lion or the young child, we can not feed the adult lion or the adult man on milk alone: we can feed the lion on bones and water, and the man on bread and water, but not on milk. A model food for the young, it ceases to be so for the adult; that relation which existed between the food and the organism in the one case, no longer exists in the other."

Acids

are received with vegetable food; but they are also taken separately, especially the acetic acid, or vinegar, which, according to Prout, has, either by accident or design, been employed by mankind in all ages—that is to say, substances naturally containing it have been employed as aliments, or it has been formed artificially.

"It is owing to their acids that fruits and vegetables are necessary to man, although not necessary to the carnivora. Dr. Budd justly points to the prolonged abstinence from succulent vegetables and fruits as the cause of the scurvy among sailors. Lemon-juice is now always given to sailors with their food; it protects them from scurvy, which no amount of vinegar, however, is sufficient to effect. We make cooling drinks with vegetable acids; and our salads and greens demand vinegar, as our cold meat demands pickles. Taken in moderation, there is no doubt that vinegar is beneficial, but in excess it impairs the digestive organs; and experiments on artificial digestion show that if the quantity of acid be diminished, digestion is retarded; if increased beyond a certain point, digestion is arrested. There is reason, therefore, in the vulgar notion, unhappily too fondly relied on, that vinegar helps to keep down an alarming adiposity, and that ladies who dread the disappearance of their graceful outline in curves of plumpness expanding into 'fat,' may arrest so dreadful a result by liberal potations of vinegar; but they can only so arrest it at the far more dreadful expense of their health. The amount of acid which will keep them thin will destroy their digestive powers. Portal gives a case which should be

A Warning to Plump Young Ladies.

"'A few years ago a young lady in easy circumstances enjoyed good health; she was very plump, had a good appetite, and a complexion blooming with roses and lilies. She began to look upon her plumpness with suspicion; for her mother was very fat, and she was afraid of becoming like her. Accordingly she consulted a woman, who advised her to drink a glass of vinegar daily; the young lady followed her advice, and her plumpness diminished. She was delighted with the success of the experiment, and continued it for more than a month. She began to have a cough; but it was dry at its commencement, and was considered as a slight cold, which would go off. Meantime, from dry it became moist; a slow fever came on, and a difficulty of breathing; her body became lean, and wasted away; night-sweats, swelling of the feet and of the legs succeeded, and a diarrhœa terminated her life.' Therefore, young ladies, be boldly fat! Never pine for graceful slimness and romantic pallor; but if Nature means you to be ruddy and rotund, accept it with a laughing grace, which will captivate more hearts than all the paleness of a circulating library. At any rate, understand this, that if vinegar will diminish the fat, it can only do so by affecting your health."

—Words can no farther go than in this magnificent bit of Ruskin's. He is speaking of what a sailor would call

A Heavy Sea.

"Its green mountainous giddiness of wrath; its overwhelming crest, heavy as iron, fitful as flame, clashing against the sky in long cloven edge; its furrowed flanks all ghastly clear, deep in transparent death, but all laced across with lurid nets of spume, and tearing open into meshed interstices their churned vail of silver fury, showing still the calm abyss below that has no fury and no voice, but is, as a grave, always open, which the green sighing mounds do but hide for an instant as they pass!"

—"Woman," said Tom Brown, Captain of the Forecastle, and a great admirer of the sex, "woman is like a Portuguese devil: when she's good she's uncommonly good, but when she's bad she's awful." To which sentiment of an old seaman, on

Depravity in Man and Woman,

thus speaks Pisistratus Caxton, Esq.:

"A bad woman is popularly said to be worse than a wicked man. If so, partly because women, being more solitary, brood more unceasingly over cherished ideas, whether good or evil; partly also, for the same reason that makes a wicked gentleman, who has lost caste and character, more irreclaimable than a wicked clown, low-born and low-bred: viz., that in proportion to the loss of shame is the gain in recklessness; but principally, perhaps, because in extreme wickedness there is necessarily a distortion of the reasoning faculty; and man, accustomed from the cradle rather to reason than to feel, has that faculty more firm against abrupt twists and *lesions* than it is in woman; where virtue may have left him, logic may still linger, and he may decline to push evil to a point at which it is clear to his understanding that profit vanishes and punishment rests; while woman, once abandoned to ill, finds sufficient charm in its mere excitement; and, regardless of consequences, where the man asks, 'Can I?' raves out, 'I will!' Thus man may be criminal through cupidity, vanity, love, jealousy, fear, ambition; rarely in civilized, that is, reasoning life, through hate and revenge; for hate is a profitless investment, and revenge a ruinous speculation. But when women are thoroughly depraved and hardened, nine times out of ten it is hatred or revenge that makes them so."

—Here is an argument for

Women's Rights

which the ladies and gentlemen now vexing that vexed question will thank us for rescuing from the memoirs of that rank gossip, the Duke St. Simon. He relates:

"When the King was with his ministers, when he received couriers, when the most important affairs were under discussion, she (the Dauphine) was present; and with such liberty, that, hearing the King and Madame de Maintenon speak, one evening, with affection of the Court of England, at the time when peace was hoped for from Queen Anne, 'My aunt,' she said, 'you must admit that, in England, the queens govern better than the kings; and do you know why, my aunt?' asked she, running about and gamboling all the time; 'because under kings it is women who govern, and men under queens.'"

Quick Work.

P. H. G., in the London *Literary Gazette*, suggests a "new photographic process" which will recommend itself to impressible natures:

"There—full in front, that straight on mine
The sunbeams of your eyes may shine.
Sit still for a few seconds: one—
Two—three. Look hard at me. 'Tis done.
Impressed by photographic art,
I bear your image on my heart."

—There is something wondrously and, rightly considered, sweetly familiar in many of the old legends of our Saviour's doings on earth, current, for many centuries, among the lower classes of Northern Europe and Germany, and only now attracting an appreciative audience among the higher classes. A fair example is this

Legend of the Gertrud Bird,

as the Norwegian peasantry familiarly call the great black woodpecker:

"Our Lord, in his wanderings on earth, accompanied by St. Peter (it is Thorpe who tells the story), came to a woman who wore a red hood on her head and was employed in baking. The wanderers were weary and hungry; and our Lord begged the woman, whose name was Gertrud, to give him a cake. She took a little dough and set it on to bake, but little as it was when it was set on, it soon filled the whole pan. Thinking this too much for alms, she took a smaller quantity, and again began to bake; but this also grew as large as the first. Gertrud then took still less dough, but this cake too swelled till it was as large as the others. Then said the woman, 'You must go without alms, for all my bakings are too large for you!' Then was our Lord wroth, and said unto Gertrud: 'Because thou gavest me nothing, thou shalt for punishment become a bird. Thou shalt seek thy dry food between the wood and the bark, and drink only when it rains.' The words were no sooner spoken than the woman was transformed into the Gertrud Bird, and flew away through the kitchen chimney. At this day she is seen with a red hood and black body, colored by the chimney soot. The Norwegian peasant points at her as she constantly pecks the bark of trees for sustenance, and cries against rain; for she always thirsts and hopes to drink."

—A writer in *Blackwood*, who has evidently paid attention to the subject, asserts, as "a fact worth remembering," that the

Old Maid

is not an invention of these latter days.

"There were unmarried women long ago, before civilization had made such fatal progress: while all the heroines in all the novels were still married at eighteen—before the life of Charlotte Brontë had ever begun, or there was a woman in existence qualified to write it—unmarried ladies existed in this world, where nothing is ever new. Many hundred, nay, thousand, years ago, there was even a certain characteristic and remarkable person, called Miriam, who, willful and womanlike, and unquestionably unmarried, was still so far from being disrespected or unimportant that a whole nation waited for her till she was able to join their journey. Nay, not only so—but Paul the Apostle, eighteen hundred years ago, gave any thing but an inferior place to the unwedded maidens of his time. 'She that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how she may please the Lord,' says the writer of the Epistles; and many an unmarried woman since his day has proved his statement, happily unwitting of all the philosophies which should prove to her how lonely and comfortless she ought to find herself, and what a hard case hers was, and how, notwithstanding, it behooved her to make some certain amount of sad and patient exertion to vindicate her womanly credit with the world."

—So much is said and sung in praise of country life that our country cousins will surely bear with us for quoting a refreshing word from the other side—the brick and mortar side—of the question; such as the following

Cockney View of Arcadia.

"I have long since found that the country, in this nineteenth century, is by no means a scene of Arcadian innocence; that its apparent simplicity is sometimes dogged stupidity; that men lie and cheat in the country just as much as in the town; and that the country has even more of mischievous tittle-tattle; that sorrow, and care, and anxiety may quite well live in Elizabethan cottages grown over with honey-suckle and jasmine; and that very sad eyes may look forth from windows round which roses twine. Virtue and religion are plants of difficult growth, even in the country; and notwithstanding Cowper's exquisite poem, I am not sure that 'the calm retreat, the silent shade, with prayer and praise agree' better than the closet into which the weary man may enter, in the quiet evening, after the business and bustle of the town. People may pace up and down a country lane, between fragrant hedges of blossoming hawthorn, and tear their neighbors' characters to very shreds. And the eye that is sharp to see the minutest object on the hill-side far away may be blind to the beauty which is spread over all the landscape."

Speaking of

Infidelity,

Bishop Horne once said, that to reject the evidence of prophecy till all divines shall agree exactly about it, argues a conduct as wise in the infidels as if they should decline sitting down to a good dinner till all the clocks in London and Westminster struck four together.

Happiness.

"There are two things which will make us happy in this life, if we attend to them. The first is, never to vex ourselves about what we can't help; and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help."

A MARRIAGE REMEMBRANCE.

She came to me in winter time,
When diamonds fell in show'rs
That fring'd the trees with fairy light,
And gemm'd the rustic bow'rs.
Her cheeks then mock'd the holly's fruit—
Her brow the sunlit snow—
Her eyes of clear celestial blue,
With love did overflow,
She came to me in youthful prime,
With anxious, trembling heart;
I feel I never can forget
The joy she did impart.

She came to me in winter time,
And own'd a passion pure,
That, lighted by Truth's constant flame,
Must ever fix'd endure.
Affection's sparkling tear then shone,
And linger'd on its way;
Like that bright sun-illumin'd star
Which decks the frozen spray.
She came to me in winter time,
With anxious, trembling heart;
Indeed I never can forget
The joy she did impart.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER V.

Recalling glimpses of Guy Darrell's past in his envied prime. Dig but deep enough, and under all earth runs water, under all life runs grief.

Alone in the streets, the vivacity which had characterized Darrell's countenance as well as his words, while with his old school friend, changed as suddenly and as completely into pensive abstracted gloom as if he had been acting a part, and with the exit the acting ceased. Disinclined to return yet to the solitude of his home, he walked on, at first mechanically, in the restless desire of movement, he cared not whither. But, as thus chance-led, he found himself in the centre of that long straight thoroughfare which connects what once were the separate villages of Tyburn and Holborn, something in the desultory links of reverie suggested an object to his devious feet. He had but to follow that street to his right hand to gain, in a quarter of an hour, a sight of the humble dwelling-house in which he had first settled down, after his early marriage, to the arid labors of the bar. He would go, now that, wealthy and renowned, he was revisiting the long deserted focus of English energies, and contemplate the obscure abode in which his powers had been first concentred on the pursuit of renown and wealth. Who among my readers that may have risen on the glittering steep ("Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb?"*) has not been similarly attracted toward the roof, at the craggy foot of the ascent, under which golden dreams refreshed his straining sinews? Somewhat quickening his steps, now that a bourne was assigned to them, the man growing old in years, but, unhappily for himself, too tenacious of youth in its grand discontent, and keen susceptibilities to pain, strode noiselessly on, under the gaslights, under the stars; gaslights primly marshaled at equidistance; stars that seem, to the naked eye, dotted over space without symmetry or method—Man's order, near and finite, is so distinct; the Maker's order, remote, infinite, is so beyond Man's comprehension even of *what* is order!

Darrell paused, hesitating. He had now gained a spot in which improvement had altered the landmarks. The superb broad thoroughfare continued where once it had vanished abrupt in a labyrinth of courts and alleys. But the way was not hard to find. He turned a little toward the left, recognizing, with admiring interest, in the gay white would-be Grecian edifice, with its French *grille*, bronzed, gilded, the transformed Museum, in the still libraries of which he had sometimes snatched a brief and ghostly respite from books of law. Onward yet through lifeless Bloomsbury, not so far toward the last bounds of Atlas as the desolation of Podden Place, but the solitude deepening as he passed. There it is, a quiet street indeed! not a soul on its gloomy pavements—not even a policeman's soul. Naught stirring save a stealthy, profligate, good-for-nothing cat, flitting fine through yon area bars. Down that street had he come, I trow, with a livelier, quicker step the day when, by the strange good luck which had uniformly attended his worldly career of honors, he had been suddenly called upon to supply the place of an absent senior, and, in almost his earliest brief, the Courts of Westminster had recognized a master; come, I trow, with a livelier step, knocked at that very door whereat he is halting now; entered the room where the young wife sat, and at sight of her querulous peevish face, and at sound of her unsympathizing languid voice, fled into his cupboard-like back-parlor—and muttered "courage"—courage to endure the home he had entered longing for a voice which should invite and respond to a cry of joy.

How closed up, dumb, and blind, looked the small mean house, with its small mean door, its small mean rayless windows. Yet a Fame had been born there! Who are the residents now? Buried in slumber, have *they* any "golden dreams?" Works therein any struggling brain, to which the prosperous man might whisper "courage;" or beats, there, any troubled heart to which faithful woman should murmur "joy?" Who knows? London is a wondrous poem, but each page of it is written in a different language; no lexicon yet composed for any.

Back through the street, under the gaslights, under the stars went Guy Darrell, more slow and more thoughtful. Did the comparison between what he had been, what he was, the mean home just revisited, the stately home to which he would return, suggest thoughts of natural pride? it would not seem so; no pride in those close-shut lips, in that melancholy stoop.

He came into a quiet square—still Bloomsbury—and right before him was a large respectable mansion, almost as large as that one in courtlier quarters, to which he loiteringly delayed the lone return. There, too, had been, for a time, the dwelling which was called his *home*—there, when gold was rolling in like a tide, distinction won, position assured, there—not yet in Parliament, but foremost at the bar—already pressed by constituencies, already wooed by ministers—there, still young (oh, luckiest of lawyers!)—there had he moved his household gods. Fit residence for a Prince of the Gown. Is it when living there that you would envy the prosperous man? Yes, the moment his step *quits* that door; but envy him when he enters its threshold?—nay, envy rather that roofless Savoyard who has crept under yonder portico, asleep with his ragged arm round the cage of his stupid dormice! There, in that great barren drawing-room, sits a

"Pale and elegant Aspasia."

Well, but the wife's face is not querulous now. Look again—anxious, fearful, secret, sly. Oh, that fine lady, a Vipont Crooke, is not contented to be wife to the wealthy, great Mr. Darrell. What wants she? that *he* should be spouse to the fashionable fine Mrs. Darrell? Pride in him! not a jot of it; such pride were unchristian. Were he proud of her, as a Christian husband ought to be of so elegant a wife, would he still be in Bloomsbury? Envy *him!* the high gentleman, so true to his blood, all galled and blistered by the moral vulgarities of a tuft-hunting, toad-eating mimic of the Lady Selinas. Envy him! well, why not? All women have their foibles. Wise husbands must bear and forbear. Is that all? wherefore, then, is her aspect so furtive, wherefore on his a wild, vigilant sternness? Tut, what so brings into coveted fashion a fair lady exiled to Bloomsbury as the marked adoration of a lord, not her own, who gives law to St. James's! Untempted by passion, cold as ice to affection, if thawed to the gush of a sentiment, secretly preferring the husband she chose, wooed, and won, to idlers less gifted even in outward attractions; all this, yet seeking, coquetting for, the *éclat* of dishonor! To elope! Oh, no, too wary for that, but to be gazed at and talked of, as the fair Mrs. Darrell, to whom the Lovelace of London was so fondly devoted. Walk in, haughty son of the Dare-all, Darest thou ask who has just left thy house? Darest thou ask what and whence is the note that sly hand has secreted? Darest thou?—perhaps yes: what then? canst thou lock up thy wife? canst thou poniard the Lovelace? Lock up the air; poniard all whose light word in St. James's can bring into fashion the matron of Bloomsbury! Go, lawyer, go, study briefs, and be parchment.

Agonies—agonies—shot again through Guy Darrell's breast, as he looked on that large, most respectable house, and remembered his hourly campaign against disgrace! He has triumphed. Death fights for him: on the very brink of the last scandal, a cold, caught at some Vipont's ball, became fever; and so from that door the Black Horses bore away the Bloomsbury Dame, ere she was yet—the fashion! Happy in grief the widower who may, with confiding hand, ransack the lost wife's harmless desk, sure that no thought concealed from him in life will rise accusing from the treasured papers! But that pale, proud mourner, hurrying the eye over sweet-scented *billets*, compelled, in very justice to the dead, to convince himself that the mother of his children was corrupt only at heart—that the Black Horses had come to the door in time—and, wretchedly consoled by that niggardly conviction, flinging into the flames the last flimsy tatters on which his honor (rock-like in his own keeping) had been fluttering to and fro in the charge of a vain, treacherous fool! Envy you *that* mourner? No! not even in his release. Memory is not nailed down in the velvet coffin; and to great loyal natures, less bitter is the memory of the lost when hallowed by tender sadness, than when coupled with scorn and shame.

The wife is dead. Dead, too, long years ago, the Lothario! The world has forgotten them; they fade out of this very record when ye turn the page; no influence, no bearing have they on such future events as may mark what yet rests of life to Guy Darrell. But as he there stands and gazes into space, the two forms are before his eye as distinct as if living still. Slowly, slowly he gazes them down; the false smiles flicker away from their feeble lineaments; woe and terror on their aspects—they sink, they shrivel, they dissolve!

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* "Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!"
Beattie.

THREE WEEKS WITH THE STOCK-GAMBLERS.

My friend Miles Plenderleath had often told me to try my luck. He said that young hands always won—that there was a Providence which watched over them as there is in the case of poor Jack and drunken men. He added that I had only to follow his advice and I would infallibly double my money in thirty days. As to Central, he said it was plain that it was going up; it was equally certain that Erie was going down; which would I do—buy Central or sell Erie?

I said I would rather buy Central—fancying, from his allusion to selling Erie, that he took for granted that I owned some, and not liking to confess that I didn't.

So I gave him a thousand dollars, just what I realized from my share of Uncle Jotham's estate, and he, the day after, handed me a paper to the effect that Messrs. Bull, Bear, & Co., brokers, had purchased per my order and for my account one hundred New York Central, at eighty odd. I didn't sleep much that night. I snoozed on going to bed and woke up dreaming that the Central Railway had been sold out by the Sheriff for taxes. Then I began to fancy that, as I owned, prospectively, a hundred shares of Central stock, I might be elected a Director, and I knew that Messrs. Tallow, Grease, & Co., my employers, would never stand that. At times I reflected on the possible decline in the value of the stock, and I saw my thousand dollars melting away at the rate of a hundred dollars a day, until all was gone, and Bull, Bear, & Co. were after me, furiously demanding more margin. This vision recurred so frequently, that toward morning I made up my mind to close the transaction and get back the money I had deposited. I fell asleep on this resolution.

Before I was dressed next morning, Miles was in my room.

"Doing pretty well, old boy!" said he, joyously. "Central went up a quarter last evening."

"The deuce it did!" I answered, rapidly figuring up my profits at the advance.

"Yes, Sir! and it's bound to go to ninety. Mark my word!"

"Do you think so?"

I decided, on the whole, that I would not sell out as yet. I went to the store, and read all the money articles. Flam was a fool, evidently—he sneered at Central; but Blam was great, and Cram was eloquent, positively sublime. I can not say that I was as attentive to my duties as bookkeeper of Messrs. Tallow, Grease, & Co. as I ought to have been. I did my work mechanically and carelessly.

That day Central went up one per cent. Next morning I began to feel excited. My profits were a hundred dollars, one month's salary. I went to the office as usual, but I could scarcely endure the drudgery. The idea of working hard and figuring round for twenty-five dollars, as Messrs. Tallow, Grease, & Co., and their clerks, were in the habit of doing, seemed to me the acme of meanness when a hundred could so easily be made.

In the course of the next ten days Central rose four, five, six, and eight, consecutively. I had nearly doubled my money. Miles was, after all, a true friend, and a sagacious operator. I could, at any time I chose to realize, make in the fortnight nearly as much as my whole salary for a year. Needless to add that I paid very little attention to my duties. Several accounts which ought to have been posted were left over for several days; one, a matter of some consequence, a purchase of candlewicks for the Society for the enlightenment of the Andaman Islanders, I actually lost. It was subsequently found under Flam's money article. Old Tallow was snappish, and hinted that whatever happened to me the books of the house MUST be properly kept. Young Grease took me aside, in his kind, friendly way, and said,

"Mr. Flat" (that's my name), "I see how it is. You must be aware that we perceive you have not been as careful of your business as usual of late. I can see at a glance that there's a lady in the case. Now, my dear boy, take my advice, and hurry it up. You're ruining yourself for business by hanging off and on. Get married at once, and we'll do the right thing about salary."

I looked very sternly at Mr. Grease, and thanked him, saying that he was mistaken; that I did not contemplate matrimony at present; that so long as I remained in it, my situation appeared to me to be suitably salaried.

He replied, "Oh! if that is the case, very well." And I, knowing that I had made twice as much as he had within the month, felt rather exultant at having put him down.

Next day a clerk of Messrs. Bull, Bear, & Co. invited me to the office of these eminent brokers. Old Mr. Bull, a fat old gentleman, with a sleek head, received me in a very friendly manner, and observed that the stock which I had purchased through them had risen considerably since my purchase; that I could now sell out and make a thousand dollars profit; that he thought that was a great deal of money; that he understood I was a bookkeeper in a grocery-house, and without venturing to give me advice, he would rather, if I chose to speculate in stocks, that I did it through some other house than theirs.

The old man spent a long while in making this speech, and took considerable pains to soften down those parts which reflected on my act; but I felt what he said none the less, and I answered promptly:

"Mr. Bull, when I want advice I will ask for it. I will close the operation you mention [you see, I wanted him to fancy that this was only one of my operations, and a small one at that], not because you advise it, or because I think it expedient, in a business point of view, but simply because I do not wish to have further dealings with your house."

Old Mr. Bull looked mightily subdued. He made a few remarks about the inevitable ruin of young men who speculate in stocks, and almost beseeched of me to stick to my employment; but I was in no humor to listen to counsel; I demanded my check bruskly, got it, and left.

I had, as Miles had prophesied, doubled my money in a little over a fortnight. We dined together that evening (I paid for the dinner), and when I heard Miles talk about stocks, I could not explain to myself why he was not as rich as William B. Astor, he appeared to know so much more than any one else. When I asked him the reason, in a playful manner, he laughed, and said he could make all he wanted, and desired no more. He was a bachelor, he said, and a couple of hundred dollars a week satisfied his modest necessities. Would I try another bottle of Chateau-Margaux?

We agreed that night to go into more stock speculations. I had a check for two thousand in my pocket, and could raise five hundred more. With this for my share, we could buy more Central, Reading, Cleveland and Toledo, Rock Island, Galena, Panama—and I don't know how many other stocks besides. He knew so much more than I did that I did little else but listen, open-mouthed, to his convincing arguments, and drink the wine. The end of it was that I handed him over two checks—that of Bull, Bear, & Co., and another upon my cousin, who was my private banker, for the five hundred I had saved.

Next day I was notified that Mr. Curbstone (a liberal broker, as Miles said, not such an exacting rascal as old Bull or Bear) had bought, per my order and for my account, more stocks than I have now room to enumerate.

I sat down at Tallow, Grease, & Co.'s desk, and figured up my profits. At the rate of profit which I had made in my first venture, these last would net me eight thousand dollars. That, with what I had, would enable me to keep a fast horse, to make a few presents to Maria, and, in the spring, to go to Europe, and see life as became a gentleman. I ran out at one to see the first board; every thing was up; my profits had already begun. When I returned to the office my brain was in a whirl. A pile of accounts lay on my desk to be entered. Some of them had lain there several days.

Mr. Grease came in, drew my attention to them, and left. I spent the afternoon in figuring up my profits at various rates. Toward evening, I was preparing to leave; I wished to call and see the second board before going up town; old Mr. Tallow looked into the office, and, turning to Wax & Stearine's account, he exclaimed,

"Why, Mr. Flat, I don't see that last transaction with these people entered!"

"Ah!" said I, carelessly; "then I suppose I must enter it to-morrow."

"Mr. Flat, Sir, that's not the way we do business, Sir, I'd have you to know, Sir!" and the old man's voice rose.

"Don't get into a heat, Mr. Tallow," said I, feeling no small contempt for the old man, for the whole amount of the account in question was not equal to a day's profits on a hundred shares; "the fact is, I'm tired of keeping your books."

"Mr. Jones," said he to the cashier, "draw a check for Mr. Flat's balance."

"Never mind the cents," said I, proudly.

So I left the employ of Tallow, Grease, & Co., and felt myself free to engage in the delightful and lucrative occupation into which Miles had initiated me.

Next day I was in Wall Street bright and early. My new friend, Curbstone, introduced me to several of his friends, who were well acquainted with stocks; he told them the nature of my operations. I took a pretty high stand at first with them, not knowing their means; but we soon became familiar. They all said that I would make my fortune in a month. Bill Put, a leading authority, assured me that the Reading Railway was about to declare a half-yearly dividend of nine per cent.; he had it, confidentially, from the President. Tim Call confided to me that the Barings and the Bank of England had undertaken to lend ten millions to the Erie, at four per cent. interest; he had it from a Director, and it might be relied upon. Jack Shyster was authorized to state that the State of Illinois was about to buy the Rock Island Road, taking the stock at ten per cent. premium. These facts comforted me a good deal, and though the stocks which I had bought rather declined during the day, I readily believed that the decline was what they called a "natural reaction," and dined very snugly with Put, Call, and a couple of other good fellows (who, by-the-way, obligingly let me pay the bill), at an up-town restaurant.

Next day stocks fell one to two per cent. I felt uneasy. I did not, however, foot up the losses against me at present prices. It could do no good. I called on Curbstone in the morning. He was radiant.

"Nothing in it, my dear fellow! All a device of the rascally bears! We'll have them on the hip presently."

Call was of the same mind. He had a private letter from Ohio to say that the President had ordered all the military stores for the Utah expedition to be carried over the Cleveland and Toledo road, and double rates of freight to be paid for extra care. Shyster was very eloquent. He thought the bears should be arrested for swindling, and depreciating the real interests of the country.

What comforted me more than all this was that the Timbuctoo Mining Company, in which I had bought a hundred shares, was rapidly advancing. As Curbstone said, I was sure to make money in that, whatever happened to the other stocks.

That afternoon stocks fell heavily. I was very unhappy. I called on all my Wall Street friends, but they were all engaged. On my way up town I got into conversation with the omnibus-driver, and asked him his view of the stock-market?

He confessed that he knew nothing about it, but he didn't see how them there railroads could make such a profit as they said.

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" said I, swearing at him; and I got down and walked home.

My landlady, to whom I propounded a few questions about Erie, further exasperated me by stating that the ticket-sellers were most uncivil people, and she hoped they'd all "go to smash"—and serve 'em right!

I slept little that night. Of course I called on Curbstone before he left his boarding-house. He had no doubt whatever of the future, he said. The world could not always be deluded by the wiles of the villainous, lying, dishonest, vile, scoundrelly, thievish bears. There must come a ray of sunshine sooner or later. The only thing was to hold on—and while he was on this head, he thought it was but right that he should suggest that my margin was nearly exhausted, and could I let him have a little more money?

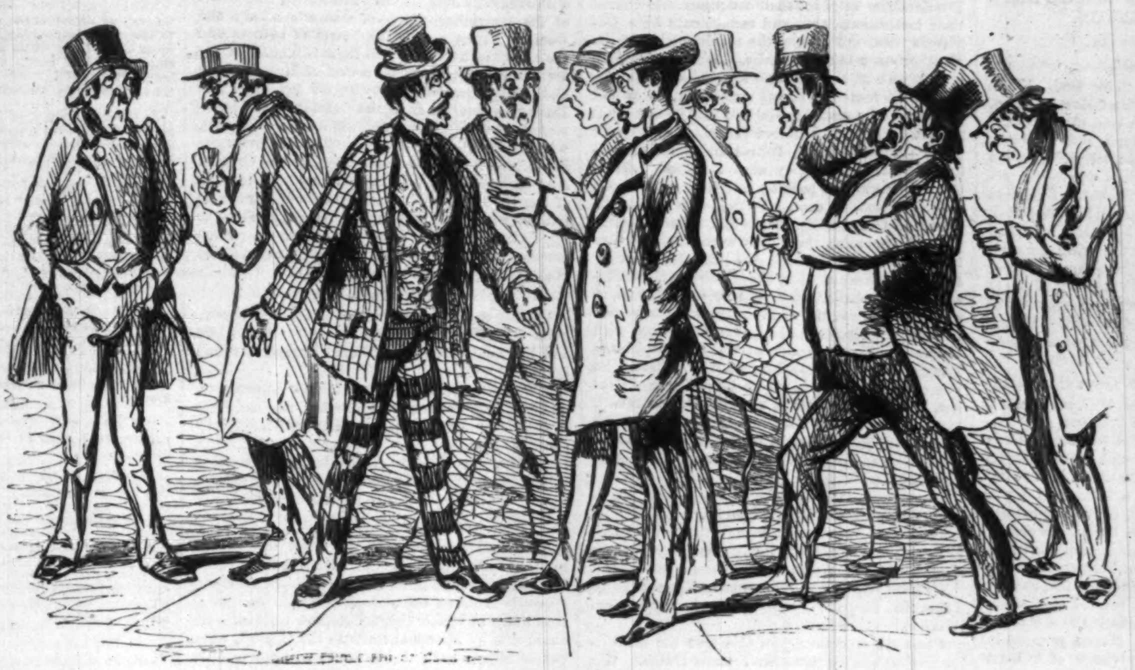
I promised to call on him, and went down town. On my way I fell in with Jones, one of Curbstone's acquaintances. He, like myself, had bought stocks, and was disgusted by the fall. He held in his hand Flam's last money article, which was opposed to a rise in the stock-market; and we agreed that a more knavish, lying rogue than Flam did not exist. Jones promised to have his uncle, the paper-maker, call on the editor of Flam's paper, and have the fellow discharged.

When I saw the Stock List that morning it took away my breath. Stocks—all my stocks—had fallen from three to five per cent. "How, in the name of all that is reasonable, did this happen?" said I to a broker.

"Why, Sir, you see, that fellow Curbstone, and his friends, went in to hammer down the market, and had it all their own way. Great operator, Curbstone!"

"But he's the very man who persuaded me to buy."

"Ah! very likely; you should have got out in time. He turns like an eel; you never know where to find him. A great operator, Curbstone. Good-morning!"



STOCKS DOWN.

I hurried, furious, to Curbstone's office. As I entered a clerk handed me a note. It stated, in brief, that Mr. Curbstone had closed all my contracts for want of more margin, and that the transaction left me in his debt in the sum of $463 50, which he desired me to pay forthwith! I was overwhelmed.

But one hope was left. The shares in the Timbuctoo Mining Company had risen that very morning four per cent. My profit on these would at least enable me to pay my debts. I hastened to the office of old Scallywag, who had bought them for me.

"Sir," said he, when he saw me, "this is a hard dispensation. Providence punishes us cruelly at times."

"What do you mean?"

"The fall in stocks, of course. My dear young friend, you are young and elastic; misfortunes glide off from you—glance, I may say, like a musket-ball on the ice. But an old man like me—oh! Providence is very hard!" And the old man put his hand to his eyes.

I was somewhat touched by the old gentleman's sympathy for me, and added, more cheerily than I had thought I could, "At all events, Mr. Scallywag, our Timbuctoo is all right. There is a balance in my favor of some six per cent., and I will thank you to realize it."

"Poor young man!"

"Can you let me have a check?"

"Why!" he answered, sharply, "haven't you heard?"

"No. What?"

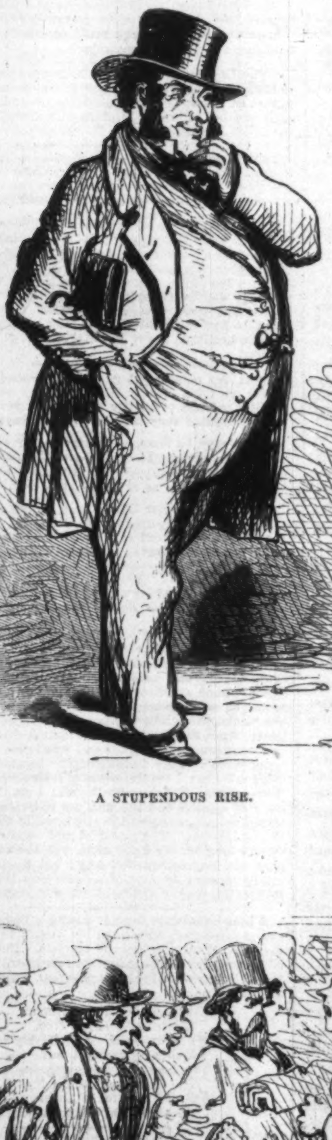
"I failed this morning."

How I got home I know not. I remember looking at Mrs. Scallywag's carriage, and wondering what part of it, or of the horses, or of the lady, my $600 had paid for. In the course of the evening, in the depth of my agony, I told my story to my landlady, who gave me notice that at the end of the week my room would be wanted.

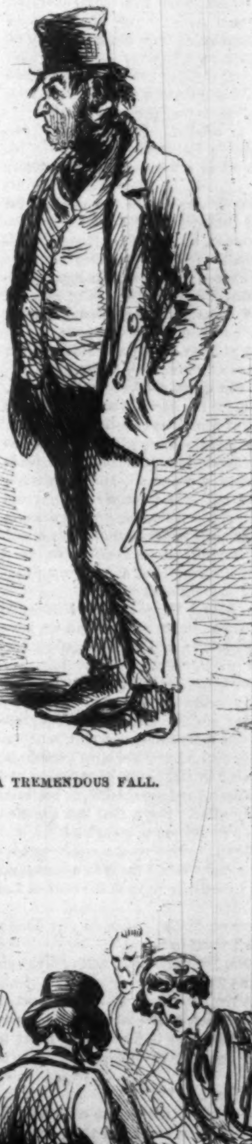
I am now living in a wretched little attic in Frankfort Street. I have no employment. Old Tallow declines to reinstate me, of course. Grease lent me ten dollars to go on with, he says. If any of you will employ me, at even six dollars a week, pray send word to the editor of this journal, and you may rely upon it that you will not catch me stock-gambling again—so long, at all events, as I continue sane.

N.B.—Miles has just called to say that, having made his fortune, he was about to start for Europe, for a lengthened tour of pleasure; and had taken the bulk of his means in notes of the Bank of England and gold. His clerk had the key of his safe, in which the money was deposited. The very evening before the steamer sailed the young man had the folly to go into a fashionable gambling-house in Broadway. He very speedily lost all the money he had of his own; but feeling that luck was certain to turn if he could only hold on a while (being assured that this was so by the proprietor of the saloon), he hastened back to the office, took out a bundle of notes and a handful of Miles's gold, returned to the faro-bank, and lost the whole. Again he went back to the office, and returned again, and again lost. To make an end of the story, he lost all Miles's money!

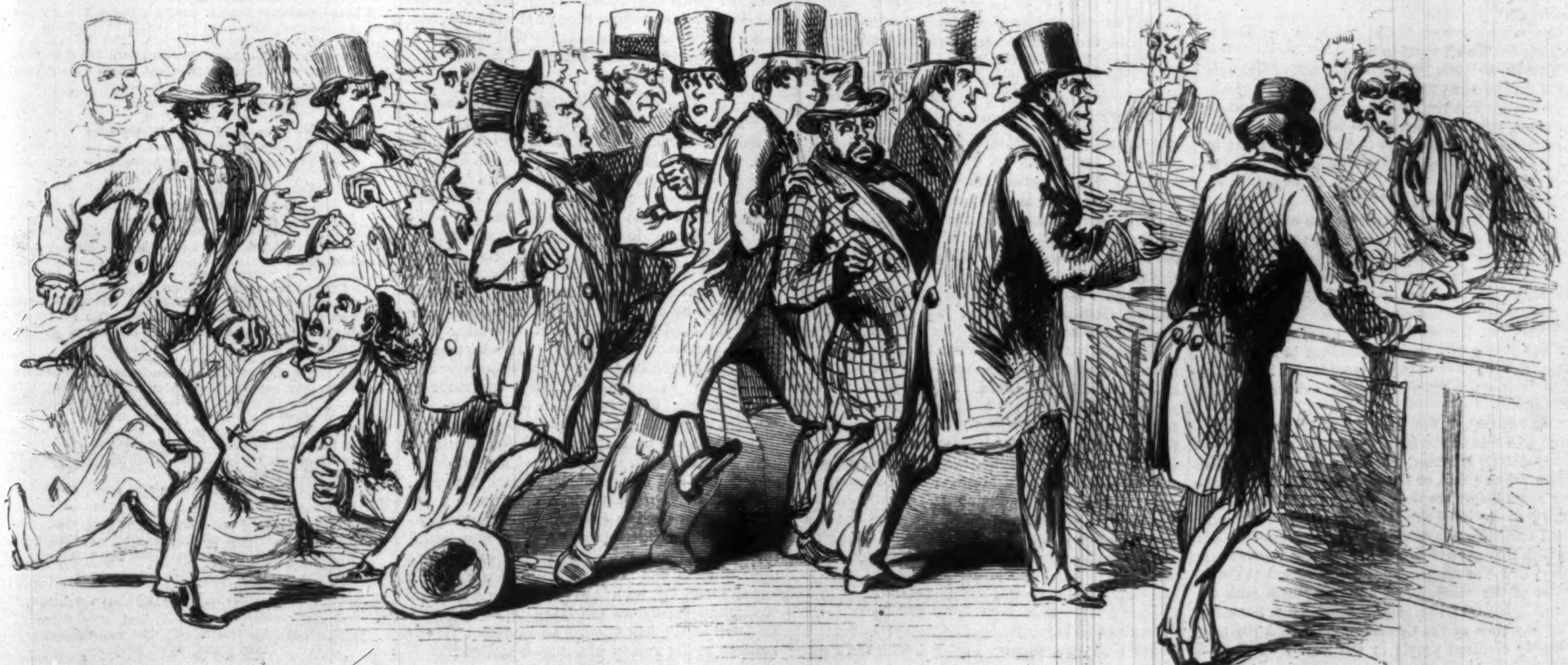
"The young rascal!" as Miles said; "one might almost forgive him the robbery, but to go to a gambling-house! Shocking!"



A STUPENDOUS RISE.



A TREMENDOUS FALL.



STOCKS UP.

PERSONAL ANECDOTES OF THE LATE THOMAS H. BENTON.

BY A WASHINGTONIAN.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

Let justice, at least, be done to the dead. While it can not be denied that the late Colonel Benton, in the Senate and on the stump, was, if you please, egotistical, dogmatical, imperious, and, at times, exceedingly violent, harsh, and offensive, in his personal disputes, there is another side to the picture which should not be overlooked. I refer to Benton as the private individual, and to his genial, simple, and winning ways, in his social relations. In this connection I hope the following personal anecdotes may find a place in the columns of your popular paper. Respect for the memory of an old friend, and a belief that these reminiscences will be really acceptable to your readers—trifles though they are—have induced me to put them to paper.

Yours, truly, * * *

THE CADI, OR ALCALDE, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

On the 27th day of November, 1847, at the court-martial of Lieutenant-Colonel Frémont, at Washington, the following conversation took place; which, as illustrative of the genial, social qualities of Colonel Benton, made at the time a lasting impression upon the mind of the writer. The day in question was one of those soft, luxurious, balmy, and golden days peculiar to the Indian summer of the South. The misty and purple atmosphere which invested the landscape of broad rivers, and their surrounding amphitheatre of swelling hills, as with a halo of supernatural beauty, seemed also to entrance the heart and the imagination in a waking dream of ethereal loveliness. Hence, perhaps, in some degree, the charming vivacity of Colonel Benton on that day of our lovely Indian summer, which, in those latitudes, is indeed the

"Sweet Sabbath of the year."

The court was held at the Arsenal, which, at the southern extremity of Washington, occupies between the Potomac and the Eastern Branch a position like that of the Battery of New York. With a few scattered houses here and there over the broad, level common intervening, the aforesaid Arsenal lies over two miles from the main body of the city; a fine walk on a fine day—a walk which frequently, including the day under our pencil, we have made with Colonel Benton and his "children of the mountains," returning from the court.

The court was in session. Edwin Bryant, formerly of Kentucky, a California protegé of Frémont, was called up as a witness, and was under examination by Colonel Benton—who, with his son-in-law, Mr. Carey Jones, was the counsel for the defense. [In 1846, when California was revolutionized by Frémont, he made Mr. Bryant *alcalde* of San Francisco, then a straggling Mexican village of *adobe* houses; the Mexican local institutions of the country, *pro tempore*, being adopted by the American conquerors.] Colonel Benton put the following question to Mr. Bryant:

Question. "Did you, as *cadi*, or alcalde, of San Francisco, purchase any town lots?" etc.

The officers of the court pricked up their ears. What could this mean? Alcalde was something they understood, but what was a *cadi?* The court was cleared for a private discussion upon the admissibility of this mysterious question, and defendant, counsel, witnesses, reporters, and spectators, accordingly passed out into a large retiring room provided for the purpose. Among the witnesses were nearly a dozen of Frémont's mountain men.

The company having taken their seats upon some benches which surrounded a long, rough table, the following conversation ensued.

Reporter. "Colonel Benton, may I ask you the meaning of that question upon which we have been turned out of court; and the application, particularly, of that word *cadi?*"

Colonel Benton. "Yes, Sir; and I am gratified that you have asked the question. Come up here, boys. These are my boys, Sir. They are the children of the mountains, my children; because they have been and are Frémont's brothers, Sir; bound together by the bonds of suffering and hardships in the deserts and mountains, as brethren of the same family altar. Boys, that last question was rather a poser to the court, wasn't it?"

One of the Boys (*a full-grown muscular mountaineer*). "Yes, Sir, they didn't seem to understand what you meant by calling Bryant the *cadi* of San Francisco."

Colonel Benton. "Well, now, do you understand it? We all want to know."

The Boy. "No, Sir, unless the cadi and the alcalde are the same thing."

Colonel Benton. "That's it, Sir. Right to the point, like a true son of the mountains. Now, I suppose, you would like to know why I put in the *cadi*, when I could have left him out just as well?"

The Boys. "Yes, Sir."

Colonel Benton. "Because the cadi was the father of the alcalde. Did you know that, Bryant? (*General laughter among the boys.*) Listen. The Spaniards and Mexicans settled California, bringing with them the language, religion, laws, officials, customs, and institutions of Spain. Among their officials was the alcalde. You, boys, found him in the person of a Spanish-Mexican in San Francisco. You, Bryant, took his place and his name, and thus, officially, you became a descendant of the cadi."

Reporter. "Yes, Sir; but who was the cadi, and how was he the father of the alcalde?"

Colonel Benton. "Coming to that, Sir. But we must be quick, or the court may settle the knotty point before we do. Listen, boys. You have read the stories of the Arabian Nights—a thousand and one. You have all noticed the minute details which they give of domestic life in the East at that day, and how frequently the cadi occurs as the officer of the peace. Let us begin there with the cadi. He was the mayor among the Saracens. At the time of the Crusades they were the most highly civilized people in the world. The Dark Ages of Europe were the Light Ages of the East. The Saracens extended their conquests, and carried their institutions, arts, and refinements from Damascus westward around the southern side of the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. At that point they were known as Moors; from that point they crossed over (a romantic story) into Spain, conquered it, occupied it, beautified it, and held it, or a great part of it, for seven hundred years. Yes, boys, for seven hundred years. It was an armed occupation all this time. They were a refined, cultivated, and luxurious people; but they were also a brave and warlike race. With the junction of the Christian forces of Ferdinand and Isabella, at the time of Columbus, the Moors were finally driven back into Africa—a dark and bloody chapter of cruel persecutions. But the Moorish cadi remained the chief of all the towns in Spain. *El cadi*, or *al cadi*—which is, the cadi—however, became corrupted into alcalde, and alcalde came over with Cortéz into Mexico, and went with the Spanish adventurers and missionaries to San Francisco. So you see, boys, we trace the official pedigree of Bryant, here, back to Cortéz, to Columbus, to Spain, to the royal Moors, and eastwardly around the south side of the Mediterranean to Antioch, Jerusalem, Damascus, and away back to the cadi of the Arabian Nights."

Reporter. "Well, Colonel, I wonder if that's what's puzzling the court all this time?"

Colonel Benton. "Oh no; they are speculating upon those town lots. But, boys, where does San Francisco come from?"

One of the Boys. "From some Spanish saint, I reckon. They name every place after some saint or other."

Colonel Benton. "In this case the saint is an English sea captain—Sir Francis Drake. The name of your town, therefore, comes from England, sanctified by the Spaniards; while Bryant's official title, alcalde, comes from the Orient—an Oriental title, older than Haroun Al Raschid—the cadi."

Mr. Bryant. "I accept your explanation, Colonel. Let it be the *cadi*. Are you agreed, boys?"

The Boys. "All agreed."

Colonel Benton. "Carried unanimously. Such, boys, are the uses of history. A link here and there fills up the chain from our day and ourselves to the most distant ages and dim traditions of the past. Thus, in Mexico, we may now find some of the fashions, customs, domestic and farming implements almost the same as in Egypt in the time of Moses. For instance, one of the most cruel tasks imposed upon the Israelites in Egypt was the task of making bricks without straw. The cadi, or alcalde, of San Francisco, here, can understand that. The bricks of the ancient Egyptians were the same as the bricks of your adobe houses in California and Mexico, unburned or sunburned bricks. Straw mixed with the clay holds them together. The poor Israelites, not being supplied with the straw by their masters, had to find it themselves."

Voice from the inner Temple. "Court's open." And here ends our story of the cadi, or alcalde, of San Francisco.

SPANISH AND AZTEC NAMES.

In another interval of the Court, upon a hint thrown out, Colonel Benton thus discoursed upon Spanish and Aztec names:

Colonel Benton. "One of our boys has said that the Spanish name every thing after some saint or other. It is so. The habit was the result of that seven hundred years' war with the Moors—a religious war, between Christianity and the creed of Mohammed. With the expulsion of the Moors the Christian conquerors of Spain became outrageously aggressive. They sought to carry their religion every where, and they did carry it into all their discoveries in the New World, by fire and sword. Cortéz was one of these crusading fanatics. The spot where he landed in Mexico he named the True Cross—Vera Cruz. The same partiality for holy names had infused itself into the whole Spanish race. So from San Augustine to San Francisco, from Santa Fé to Ciudad de los Angeles (the City of the Angels—beautiful name), throughout the Spanish possessions, their names of towns, rivers, etc., bear the evidences of that intense religious feeling peculiar to the race. On the other hand, as with all other races of men in all ages, the Aztecs frequently imparted their local names from some distinguishing feature in the locality itself; and as we have adopted many of these aboriginal names, so were they adopted by the Spaniards. In the Aztec, *tepec* means hill, and *petl*, mountain. Thus Tehuan-tepec, Lion Hill (in honor of Cortéz); Chapul-tepec, Grasshopper Hill; Popocate-petl, or Smoking Mountain—pooh-pooh, as you puff the smoke from a pipe."

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S LAP-DOG AND THE OREGON QUESTION.

After Colonel Benton's second speech in reply to General Cass, upon the Oregon question, the writer, in a conversation with the Missouri Senator, alluded to the happy incident of Mrs. Masham and the lap-dog of the Duchess of Marlborough, as employed in the debate.

Colonel Benton. "Yes, Sir, twenty years had elapsed since my reading of that incident; but when it was brought forward by General Cass to show what trifling causes sometimes produce the most disastrous wars, I remembered the story as if I had read it but yesterday. Mrs. Masham was a favorite of the Court of Queen Anne; for the Queen was a little jealous of the glory reflected from the Duke upon the Duchess of Marlborough. One day the lap-dog of the Duchess spoiled a beautiful silk dress of Mrs. Masham—you may guess how; and naturally enough a quarrel followed between the two ladies. The Queen took the side of the injured party; the results were of the greatest moment to the whole world of mankind. Yes, Sir,

"'When there is a lady in the case,
Of course all other things give place.'

The siege of Troy, the head of John the Baptist, Bluff Harry the Butcher's quarrel with the Pope, and, within our own day, the dissolution of General Jackson's first Cabinet, are among the proofs of the controlling power of woman's beauty and woman's caprices over the hearts of princes and the affairs of nations. But there is no case of the sort more remarkable than that of Mrs. Masham and the Duchess of Marlborough's lap-dog. The Duke was recalled from the Continent, a suspension of the war followed, and the treaty of Utrecht, where I found my first and best authority for the line of 49°, as our northern boundary of Oregon. And thus we may say, Sir, that that little lap-dog of the Duchess of Marlborough has done more to put an end to this silly cry of 'fifty-four forty or fight' than any other party in the debate. Such are the trifles that control the greatest events. In your readings treasure them up."

THE ROUND TABLE.

Calling one day at the house of Colonel Benton upon a matter of business, the writer found him and his family seated at dinner around a round table.

"Walk in, Sir. The round table, you perceive, and the knights thereof, including the children. This is Democratic equality, Sir, in the family circle. Will you join us? The guest does not break the chain. As with the Arabs, he that eats of our salt is our friend. He that refuses is our enemy. Take your choice, and take a glass of wine."

THE WOOLLY HORSE.

In the summer of 1849 the woolly horse was brought to Washington, and, with a flaming hand-bill in front of the door, it was exhibited on Pennsylvania Avenue, on the same square on the C street side of which Colonel Benton resided. He could not, by his usual route to the Capitol, come out or return back to his house without passing that flaming hand-bill, which described the animal on exhibition as "*The wonderful nondescript, captured by Colonel John C. Frémont, after an exciting three days' chase, on the River Gila.*" A regular sensation wood-cut, which represented the nondescript as springing from one mountain-peak to another, with a troop of hunters in pursuit, followed this startling announcement.

The writer, passing by one afternoon, stopped to read this bill. A hand tapped him on the shoulder. Turning round, he discovered it was the hand of Colonel Benton, who observed, "Come in and see this nondescript. I want you as a witness." Lieutenant Beale was with the old gentleman. "I want both of you," he said. He paid our way, and we all walked in. It was the woolly horse—a sickly, stunted, and miserable steed, with his tail and mane naturally destitute of hair, or shaved to the skin. Colonel Benton made us examine him, point by point, walking round the beast several times. Then he opened upon the exhibitor. "So this is the wonderful nondescript captured by Colonel Frémont? Now, Sir, you impudent impostor, I give you notice, and I bring these two gentlemen as witnesses that I have given you a fair warning, that unless you quit this place before to-morrow morning you will be arrested as an impostor, a vagrant, a shameless vagrant and swindler, obtaining money under false pretenses." And so on, in a loud, angry, and terrible voice, for perhaps ten minutes. A day or two passed, when, meeting Colonel Benton on the way to the Capitol, he remarked, "They fly, Sir!" "Who fly?" "The enemy, the impostor, the vagrant, the nondescript and his driver. They are routed, horse and foot; but I had to take the fellow before a magistrate, after all. I thought I had frightened him, but his impudence was proof against fear as well as shame. He is as hard a case as his horse. They are both nondescripts." [For a more particular account of the woolly horse, see Barnum's Autobiography.]

OLD DOCTOR JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

The amusing comparison (1850) made by Colonel Benton, in a speech upon Mr. Clay's Compromise or "omnibus bill," between the young Doctor Townsend, and the old Doctor Jacob Townsend's sarsaparilla, secured for the Colonel a whole box, by express, of the old Doctor's medicine. Having heard of the circumstance, the writer, on the first opportunity, asked the venerable Senator about it. "Yes, Sir, a whole box of the old Doctor's sarsaparilla! But what am I to with it? I can't take it. If there were thirteen bottles, I might send one to each of the Senate Committee of Thirteen; but there are not bottles enough for that. Then I thought I would distribute it among the newspaper men, but they are worked enough already. What shall I do with my sarsaparilla? Will you take a bottle, and pledge me to drink it, live or die?"

THE NEW-YEAR'S CALL.

On New-Year's Day, 1854, Colonel Benton was left "solitary and alone" at his residence in Washington, the other members of his family—wife, children, and grandchildren—being, some in Europe, some in St. Louis, and some in California. But he opened his house to the customary New-Year calls of his friends. The absence of his family, however, being known, his visitors, with here and there an exception, were exclusively of the male gender. Through a crowd of politicians a gentleman advanced with his wife on his arm. After the usual salutations, he observed, "Contrary to the order of the day, this lady has insisted on visiting you, because you are left all alone." "Thanks, thanks, madam; a graceful act of woman's sympathy. She is right, Sir. Her presence brings me nearer to my absentees. Sit here, madam, by my side; and you, Sir, help those gentlemen to a glass of punch." On coming away the lady remarked that he was "a dear, good old man, simple-hearted and confiding as a child; and he is so lonely here, with wife, daughters, and grandchildren all gone. I am glad we came." The gentleman had a large bundle of cake and sugar-plums under his arm, which the veteran Senator insisted should be taken to their children and judiciously distributed. "In our children, Sir, we live over again, and they are the richest legacy we can leave to our country. Honored be the man who has a house full! Thrice honored be the woman who is their mother!"

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Not long ago I was breakfasting at the New York Hotel, and asked one of the waiters, a genuine son of Erin, to fetch me a couple of eggs. I said, "Be sure and have them boiled three whole minutes." He went away and staid a full half hour. I asked him what kept him so long. He replied, "*Sure, Sir, an' it takes a very long time to boil an egg three minutes!*"

At the last meeting of the Board of Education in this goodly city of ours proposals were submitted for building a school-house in 44th Street. One denominated the building a "shool house;" others offered "shureties," "sureities," "scurities," "securitys," "suretys," and "surities." One proposal addressed "to the School ofesrs of the 22 Ward," read thus:

"Jantle Mon: I do propose to do all the Mason Work of the School House to Be Built in 44th-st. Nere 10 Avenu in the 22 Ward for the Some of fifteen thousent Seven hunde and fifty Dolers Acording to the plans and Spetions in a good way * * * * * * and find all the Nesery Materils. $15 750-00."

A good wife is like a *snail*. Why? Because she keeps in her own *house*.—A good wife is *not* like a snail. Why? Because she does not carry her *all* on her *back*.—A good wife is like a *town clock*. Why? Because she keeps good *time*.—A good wife is *not* like a town clock. Why? Because she does not speak so *loud* that all the town can *hear* her.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," as the pig remarked when he was contemplating the kinks in his tail.

A parishioner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line in Scripture: "He was *clothed* with *curses* as with a *garment*." "It signifies," replied the divine, "that the individual had *got a bad habit of swearing*."

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half-dead yourself. Hope and despair are as catching as cutaneous complaints. Always endeavor to feel sunshiny, especially in a sick-room, and to look so too.

The *Post* has a very neat epigram: to wit,

"Apropos of this Turkish Pasha's coming,
For whose contracts the *bosses* all are drumming;
Why should we, unemployed ship-joiners, hope well
To prosper in far-off Constantinople?
The reason's plain: No master here is o'er us,
But there we're sure to find the real *Bos-phor-us*."

A lady, describing an ill-tempered man, says, "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a lady: "A gentleman is a human being combining a woman's tenderness and a man's courage."

"The Legislature of one of the Southwestern States," so says the Canton *Repository*, "at the session of 1856-'7, passed an act instructing the 'State Librarian to furnish each member of the Legislature with a copy of the Holy Bible, *St. James's Revision*.'"

Sermon of a Quaker.—My friend, bridle thy tongue, to enable thee to remain quiet; mind thine own business, and thee will not have much time to attend to that of others, and thee will have many friends and few enemies.

A Vermont Judge of Probate has incorporated it as a part of the law of his court, that the administrator of an estate must allow the widow the cost of a newspaper, she making her own selection, from the common fund. The common law of America now recognizes the newspaper as a family and individual necessity. It is classed with pigs and potatoes, cassimere and calico, a thing to be exempted—like the family Bible—never to suffer from rapacious creditors, never to be parted with in the direst poverty.

In things of moment on thyself depend,
Nor trust too far thy servant or thy friend,
With private views thy friend may promise fair,
And servants very seldom prove sincere.

What may be done, with care perform to-day,
Dangers unthought of will attend delay.
Your distant prospects all precarious are,
And Fortune is as fickle as she's fair.

No trivial loss nor trivial gain despise,
Mole-hills to mountains, if oft heaped, will rise.
Weigh every small expense and nothing waste—
Farthings long saved amount to pounds at last.

Emerson's poem, "Brahma," is regarded by many as nonsense, and it has been ridiculed and parodied without stint. The St. Louis *Republican* has "gone and done it" in prose:

"If the scarlet murderous individual conceive he kill, or if the assassinated victim imagine he be slaughtered, their knowledge is exceedingly limited of the artful and cunningly-devised methods I maintain and vanish, and again change my direction. Remote or unremembered, to me, is contiguous; darkness of the sun's intercepted beams and the luminous rays of the god of day are identical; to me, the annihilated deities are obviously visible, and consciousness of guilt and exaltation of rumor are synonymous. They do not compute accurately who omit to leave me in; I am the means of their acceleration when they move swiftly through the air; I am the fluctuating state of opinion and the dubious individual, and I the sacred musical composition rehearsed in numbers by the Pagan Hindoo. The powerful and cogent mythological deities long for my habitation, and the consecrated six plus one languish ineffectually; but thou, humble and mild-tempered devotee of beneficence, discover me and reverse thy rear on the residence of the celestial gods."

A bear has always been reckoned a formidable animal—a gay seducer, who hugs his victim to death in the most affectionate but painful manner. But the most terrible specimen of a bear that we ever heard tell of is mentioned in the following spirited verses, which we clip from a Western poem:

"There was a jolly woodman
Was standin' by a tree,
When he spied an awful big bear
A-coming right at he!
The bear was ramparagous,
The foam was on his lip,
And fell a yard of prairie
He cleared at every skip!"

The secret league in England to destroy the life of Napoleon III. is called the "Society for the Diffusion of Bomb-Shells."

An Irish witness in the Worcester Police Court refused to be sworn on the Bible the other day, and when asked the reason of his stubbornness, replied, "An isn't it an American I am? What the divil's the use of getting nathralized, if I can't swear as the Yankees do?"

Some one says, that "human heads are like hogsheads—the less they contain, the louder the report they give of themselves. The smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth."

The following is from "Andromeda, and Other Poems"—a new volume by Charles Kingsley, just issued by Ticknor and Fields:

A FAREWELL.

I.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

II.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, April* 19, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets were freely supplied during the week with Flour, and though this was in good demand chiefly for home use, prices closed lower. Wheat was moderately inquired for at drooping rates. Corn was in active request, and it advanced. Oats attracted more attention at improved quotations....Cotton was in limited demand at languid prices, up to Saturday, when it was more freely dealt in, and closed steadily....A livelier inquiry has prevailed for provisions, which are generally dearer....The Grocery Trade presented no remarkable changes....Hay was in demand at steady rates....Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds ruled very quiet ....Hides, Leather, and Naval Stores were in good request at buoyant prices....Tobacco was salable and firm, with light supplies available....Wool attracted more attention at former quotations....The movements in Dry Goods were to a moderate extent, Jobbers and Retailers having most custom. The week's imports of Dry Goods amounted to $386,835 against $1,022,190 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $15,494,388 against $34,521,834 same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate and unproductive of any remarkable alterations ....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 05	@	$4 40
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 05	@	4 35
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 25	@	6 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 20	@	6 50
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ..	4 25	@	5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	4 40	@	8 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 60
Corn Meal, per barrel................	3 45	@	3 95
White Wheat, per bushel..............	1 12	@	1 45
Red Wheat, per bushel	98	@	1 20
New Crop Corn, per bushel	74	@	76
Rye, per bushel	69	@	70
Barley, per bushel...................	60	@	72
Western Oats, per bushel	50	@	52
State Oats, per bushel...............	48	@	50
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	45	@	48
Southern Oats, per bushel............	42	@	46
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	12¼	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel................	17 90	@	18 00
Prime Pork, per barrel...............	14 50	@	14 60
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	10 00	@	11 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	7 50	@	8 25
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	19 00	@	23 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	16 00	@	18 00
Cut Meats, per pound.................	6¼	@	10
Lard, per pound......................	10¾	@	11
State Butter, per pound..............	16	@	27
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	18
Cheese, per pound....................	7	@	10
Rice, per 100 pounds.................	3 25	@	4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound................	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon............	22	@	32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5¾	@	7¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	35	@	37
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound...............	32	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21	@	21½
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds.............	40	@	70
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound........	5	@	8
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds ...	3 75	@	3 87½
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	52	@	53
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 52½	@	1 55

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were easier for Beeves, which were more abundant. The demand was not brisk....Milch Cows were rather more sought after at former prices....Veal Calves were plentier and cheaper, with a moderate inquiry....Sheep and Lambs were less freely offered than they were needed, and prices favored sellers....Swine were in good supply and slack request at drooping rates....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *April* 7.	Week ending *April* 14.
Beeves.....................	2,485	3,105
Milch Cows	181	204
Veal Calves................	823	1,000
Sheep and Lambs	2,811	3,766
Swine	....	7,740

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois............	1133	Michigan	79
Ohio...............	897	Indiana.............	32
New York..........	441	Kentucky............	29

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first class Beeves, per pound...	$ 8	@	$ 11
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	3	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	3 50	@	16 00
" " per pound.........	10	@	13
Live Swine, per pound...............	4¾	@	5½
Dressed " "	6	@	7¾

The Country Produce Markets are very well supplied with the leading kinds of Produce, and as no urgent demand prevails, prices continue to favor buyers.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, per barrel....................	$2 75	@	$4 00
Apples, dried, per pound.............	5½	@	7
Peaches, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Plums, dried, per pound..............	18	@	20
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Potatoes, per barrel.................	1 50	@	3 75
" per bushel......................	85	@	90
" sweet, per barrel...............	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, per barrel	1 75	@	3 50
Turnips, per barrel..................	40	@	50
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@	—
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
Carrots, per barrel..................	1 50	@	1 75
Leeks, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	3 50
Radishes, per 100 bunches............	4 00	@	5 00
Garlic, per 100	—	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches.............	3 00	@	4 00
Eggs, Limed, per dozen...............	6	@	8
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	11½	@	12½
Chickens, per pair...................	1 00	@	1 25
Fowls, per pound.....................	10	@	16
Fowl, per pair	1 00	@	1 38
Ducks, per pound	18	@	21
" per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Turkeys, per pound...................	15	@	18
Geese, per pound.....................	9	@	11
Pigeons, per dozen	2 50	@	3 00
Prairie Hens, per pair...............	75	@	90
Partridge, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Roasting Pigs	1 25	@	2 50
Rabbits, each	18	@	25
Hares, each..........................	37	@	50

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Monday, April* 19, 1858.

The foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Apr. 17, 1858	$2,199,269....	$1,269,846
Corresponding week, 1857	3,289,692....	1,133,308
Decrease	$1,090,423	
Increase		$136,538

The total reduction in imports at this port since January 1, as compared with the same period last year, exceeds $37,000,000.

The export of specie during the week was $203,163; the receipt, from California and England, $1,655,912. The banks this evening are likely to show over thirty-three millions. Money rules, if possible, still easier than last week; short loans on call, on good securities, are made as low as four per cent. Exchange on England is held at about 108½ @ 109.

The tendency to recovery in the Stock Market noticed last week still continues, though the business of the week has been limited. The rival cliques of speculators have not operated with any freedom or vigor. All seem to be waiting for some event to start them afresh. The following table will show the fluctuations of the leading speculative securities during the week:

New York Central	87½@88¼@86¾@87½
New York and Erie..................	23½@25@23@24
Panama.............................	108½@108@106@107
Delaware and Hudson................	104@107@106½@106
Michigan Southern..................	24@24¼@22½@23½
Michigan Southern Preferred	47½@49@46@48
Rock Island	75½@76@71½@73½
Hudson River	29½@31½@28@29½
Reading............................	47@49@44@46
Missouri Sixes.....................	83@83½@82½@82¾
Illinois Central	94@94½@91@91½

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